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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

TUESDAY'S Cabinet brought the long-delayed, long-menacing crisis on conscription to an end, so far as principles were concerned. The Liberal and Voluntarist wing were overborne, and the Prime Minister suddenly declared for a measure of compulsion applied to the single men who may have failed to attest under the Derby summons. This historic reversal of Liberalism and democracy was led and promoted by Mr. Lloyd George, and assented to by Mr. Henderson, the representative of Labor. These two betrayals have determined the issue for the moment, but the battle is not over yet, and it is understood that strong resistance was offered by Sir Edward Grey, Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Runciman, who also took their stand on the national danger of raising an army without limits in number and without serious regard to the competing claims of finance and industry, and to the tremendous and alarming strain on our credit. Probably it is this side of the controversy which is for the moment in the front. Mr. McKenna's and Mr. Runciman's objections were enforced by a tender of resignation, which has not, we believe, been withdrawn. If they go, the Government will lose on the side of efficiency and good administration, and its eventual fall is certain. In any case, its moral force is gone, and it will soon be necessary to examine the alternatives.

THE exact nature of the surrender of voluntary service to the demands of the conscriptionists has not yet been made known. We imagine, however, that all compromises have been rejected, including proposals for a fresh census of the unattested single men, or for a compulsory reference to the tribunals, and that a point-blank Conscription Bill, now being drafted by the Cabinet Committee, will at once be presented to Parlia-

ment. It is said to be of a most drastic character, and that no Conscience Clause appears in it. We hope that the Labor Conference, which is to be held next Thursday, to decide whether Mr. Henderson can retain his place in the Cabinet, will have the Bill before it before taking a final course. Its main proposal appears to be a simple absorption of the unattested single men in the Army without reference to their wishes. They are treated as if they were attested. Exemptions, of course, there must be, and a vital point for Labor is whether the period of service is to close with the war or to extend beyond it. The "Times" says that the enlistment is for war only, but we shall prefer to see the text of the Bill before accepting this statement. We imagine that Ireland will be excluded, for the simple reason that the country would resist the application of force. With this wanton breach with historic Liberalism, that great movement practically comes to an end, and a new alignment of parties must gradually take place, with new leaders to conduct it.

BITTER fighting has been proceeding for some days in the Bukovina. The Russians massed some weeks ago at Reni and along the Rumano-Bessarabian frontier, where they were reviewed by the Tsar. They were later reported in various places, passing through Rumania and marching north to the Austro-Bessarabian frontier. This latter report seems to have been correct, for Ivanoff has opened a formidable offensive over an extensive front, stretching across the Pruth and the Dniester. All the news so far comes from the Austrian side, and it is the Austrians who report the retirement of their own advanced sections westward in face of superior forces. One report represents the advance of Russians in massed formation, fifteen and sixteen deep. Fighting in this region in winter must impose a terrible strain upon even the finest troops; yet it was in such weather that the first Russian campaign was pressed to its conclusion in the vicinity of Cracow. The dimensions of the Russian force operating in this area are not yet known; but if it should prove as formidable as certain points in the Austrian *communiqués* suggest, the whole situation in the Near East may speedily change.

WHETHER it is a great offensive, a diversion, or a political move, there is at present little evidence to show. It is not impossible that the movement is the outcome of the recent Russo-Rumanian negotiations, since the clearing of the Austrians from her rear might well be a condition of Rumania's acquiescence in the Russian plans for marching against Bulgaria through Rumania. The operations might be no more than a diversion to keep a strong enemy force engaged while the Russians concentrated for a heavy blow against Bulgaria. Or, again, the operation may be sufficiently explained by the necessity which our Allies must feel of preventing the enemy digging himself in and rearing a steel wall against their spring offensive. A few days will show the meaning of the Russian stroke, and it is significant that telegraphic communication between Russia and the West was held up for some days recently and that Austria was reported not long ago to be evacuating Lemberg.

THE Russians have followed up their first successes in Persia, and are now sweeping the country from the Turko-Persian frontier eastward to the Kum-Ispahan road. Since the occupation of Hamadan they have thrown their right flank in a sweeping movement to the north and to the west. Little resistance has been encountered in this direction, and the Russians now seem to hold the country up to the frontier from the south of Hamadan. Towards the east they have pushed southwards until they now occupy Kashan, which is about midway between Teheran and Ispahan. Such forces as they have met have been dispersed with little trouble and negligible loss. Ispahan, which is the centre of the resistance, is unlikely to hold out. Westward, any further advance might be made to relieve the situation at Kut by threatening the safety of Baghdad from that quarter. A little closer correlation of the Allies would speedily clear up the whole situation in this quarter. There has, so far, been no lack of decision in the Russian movements, and if they are correctly handled, what was meant to be a diversion for the Allies may prove a more serious distraction to Turkey.

DURING the week there has again been an engagement between tribesmen on the western boundaries of Egypt and the British forces, and the latter secured a substantial victory. At present the threat to Egypt comes from that quarter alone, but it can never reach formidable dimensions, owing to the disorganized material with which it is made. On the southern boundary of Egypt, General Smith Dorrien has been sent to deal with the question. There remains only the eastern frontier on land, and this is so arbitrary a line that it affords no defensive positions of any value, and the defence of Egypt resolves itself into the defence of the Suez Canal. The line of the canal can be made almost impregnable, but a defence made upon such a line suffers from the prime disadvantage that it is not a defence at all. Egypt for us is the canal, the main imperial artery of supply to the East. An offensive conducted against the line of the canal interrupts that supply, and although the communications at the disposal of the enemy cannot supply any campaign with which we cannot easily deal—that is to say, at the same time as operations are maintained in the Balkans or Gallipoli—the defence of the canal ought to be conducted elsewhere on some advanced line where mere attack does not give all the advantages of defeat. Such lines may be found in Syria and Palestine.

A FIERCE struggle has been raging for the last ten days in the Vosges. The eastern slopes of the Hartmannsweilerkopf, which overlook the important Colmar-Mulhouse railway, were first seized by the French after an artillery preparation. From that point the conflict has proceeded without cessation, and although the French have not been able to maintain all that they first seized, they have since secured other positions. The summit, or more probably a northern summit, has changed hands from day to day, and it now rests with the Germans; but southwards to Wattwiller the advance on a front of nearly two miles has been maintained. On Monday further trenches were taken and held. The importance of these local attacks is small; but they fulfil one useful and indeed essential function. As the German numbers decline, it will be the aim of the German command to make those still available do the work of the former ample numbers. They will seek to move them about to throw upon any point of the Allied line which looks weak or appears to threaten a formidable offensive. These local attacks prevent such concentrations and movements on the part of the enemy by pinning him to the spot.

THREE new allied landings in the Near East are reported. It is stated that the British authorities have informed the Greek Government that the French have landed at the island of Castellorizo, with a view to using the island as a base for operations against Adalia. Castellorizo lies off the coast of the province of Lycia, a considerable distance from Adalia, which stands at the head of the gulf of the same name farther to the east. Adalia, in any case, does not seem to be a promising sphere of operations, since it lies some 150 miles from the Baghdad railway, in a country almost wholly devoid of communications. It is possible that operations are contemplated against Adana, which would be a very serious threat to the Turkish expeditions in the East. It is also reported that British troops have landed near Kavala and also at Orfano, some thirty miles to the west of that port. It is hardly probable that the Allies can contemplate so serious a dispersion of their forces as these two landings would imply. They seem to offer no obvious advantage, and simply make the burden of holding the large perimeter of the Salonika defences much harder.

THE struggle at Kut has been renewed. A heavy bombardment on the 3rd was followed by an attack in force. Kut lies in a loop of the Tigris, and the point selected for attack was a fort where the river bends eastward from the neck of the loop. A hole was made in the fort walls, and the enemy then forced his way in. He was thrown out again, leaving two hundred dead within the walls. The position was further contested during the early morning of Christmas Day, was lost, regained, lost again, and finally reoccupied, the enemy being content to retire some three hundred yards beyond the entrenchments from which he urged the first attacks. The casualties in the later attacks were about 700 Turkish and one quarter of that number British. Since that time there has been no further movement against the British troops, who are cheerful and in good condition. The position they occupy is one of considerable strength, and they have already repulsed heavy odds.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE addressed a meeting of munition workers at Glasgow on Christmas Day, to consider his scheme for the dilution of labor. He spoke with eloquence, repeating his statement that he wanted 80,000 skilled men, and that the only way to get them was by confining skilled men to highly difficult work, and replacing them in the more automatic tasks by unskilled men or women. But it is useless for Mr. George to labor this principle. The workmen accept it; it is merely a question of the conditions under which this great experiment is to be made. The workers complain that promises have been made and not fulfilled, and this was the prevailing note of the audience at the meeting (which, according to one account, contained 70 per cent. of dissentients), and of the shop conferences. Sharp differences were revealed, and a section of the opposition was angry in tone, while some of the unions declined to confer at all. There is still, however, a prospect of settlement at the conference which is to be held between the Minister and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

THE prolonged interruption of all postal communications with Russia while the offensive in the Bukovina was being prepared, has at last come to an end, and the internal history of the past six weeks is fully known. Nothing of first-rate importance has happened. The press as a whole made its verbal protest against the postponement of the meeting of the Duma, but some of the more moderate Liberals are now urging silence and patience while the war lasts. The Liberal elements,

which wished to call a conference together, were forbidden to meet. The extreme reactionaries (or "Monarchists," to use a politer name) had on the other hand every facility for the holding of a congress. At this they called on the Tsar to repudiate definitely the constitution of 1905, which is still unrepealed, though none of the civil rights which it promised have as yet been translated into legislation.

No active protests against the present régime are likely to take place while the war lasts. But the reaction is losing ground rapidly. It is significant that the mob-orator and publicist, arch-Jew baiter, and one of the founders of the League of True Russian Men, M. Purish-Kevitch, has now abandoned the reactionary camp altogether, and is trouncing his former allies in the press. There are probably personal reasons for his secession, but it seems to imply that there is no longer a career for a reactionary demagogue even among the scum of the big towns. The tone of the "Novoe Vremya," a sensitive barometer, which, as in 1905, now preaches a form of Liberalism, is equally significant. Nothing happens, yet something changes. On the other side of this account it must be noted that this welcome unity has been purchased at a price. The programme of the Duma Coalition no longer includes any political demands except Polish autonomy and religious toleration, and is now mainly a list of local government reforms.

An article which Herr Ballin contributed to the Christmas number of the "Vossische Zeitung" deserves some attention. The writer is not merely the founder of the modern German merchant marine, but he is a close friend and political ally of the Kaiser, and he has again and again expressed (and perhaps influenced) the Kaiser's personal policy alike in naval and in diplomatic matters. He evidently belongs rather to the Tirpitz school, which looks for the conquest of sea-power and expansion beyond the seas (preferably via Calais). He enters a protest against the absorption of the more moderate school in the Berlin-Baghdad dream. To make the creation of this route the sole end of the war would be to bring Germany back to a purely Continental policy and prejudice her economic future. So far, he says only what any member of the Tirpitz school might have said, though with more stress on sea-trade than on sea-power.

HERR BALLIN insists that "the supreme task" of the negotiators of the settlement must be "to exterminate not only war itself, which has destroyed whole generations, but also the fever of armaments." "They must also devise some sort of assurance that this bloody war will not be followed by an economic war." He goes on, though without defining it, to speak of the freedom of the seas, by which he means apparently the abolition of capture in war-time. If we might suppose that this is the voice of the Kaiser, and is a sincere utterance, the German outlook would be somewhat changed. Does it really suggest that if we would modify our sea-law, the Germans on their side would reduce armaments, and accept some scheme of a permanent peace—for that, presumably, is what Herr Ballin means by "exterminating war"? If this is the mood of exalted circles in Germany, and is intended to bear fruit, we shall, we suppose, see it expressed more definitely.

THE changes in the British Staff, announced last week, have been succeeded by others of almost equal importance. Sir Douglas Haig's position as Commander

of the First Army has been taken by General Sir Charles Monro. He is reputed to be one of our best commanders, and the wonderful evacuation of Suvla and Anzac, which presumably took place under his direction, is sufficient testimony to his skill. He is to be succeeded by the late chief of the General Staff, Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Murray. The Dardanelles command at present seems to include the superintendence of the Balkan operations, and General Murray, following a successful leader, should have scope to show his quality as a scientific soldier. Major-General L. Kiggell, formerly assistant to Sir Archibald Murray on the General Staff, goes to France to assume the direction of Sir Douglas Haig's General Staff. Though only fifty-three years of age, he has had ten years' War Office experience since his service on the staff of Buller in South Africa.

YUAN-SHIH-KAI's elevation of himself to the throne has had the expected result in Southern China, which has always been the centre of the "Republican" movement. As this Republican tendency was opposed first of all to centralization, it naturally makes its protest not by civil war, but by a simple proclamation of local autonomy. The big province of Yunnan, with its governor at its head, has already declared itself an independent republic. There has been disorder, and promises of protection have been made to foreigners. The news regarding the other southern provinces is contradictory, and so far comes only from Peking, but it is probable that the whole south is against Yuan, and that it intends in one way or another to act. The province of Kwangsi is also said to have revolted, and there is much unrest in Hunan. So far the Republicans are not aggressive. They repudiate Yuan, his upstart dynasty, and Peking rule, declare themselves independent, and sit still. But Yuan by all the rules of the game must now proceed to suppress them. We discuss elsewhere the risk that civil war may provoke Japanese intervention.

THE story of the evacuation of the Suvla and Anzac positions shows what a wonderful feat it was. The removal began in the first hours of the morning of the 18th, and before dawn the evacuation had been completed, though the Turks continued to shell the trenches until eleven in the morning. The casualties suffered were less than those of any ordinary day, and Turkish prisoners were actually giving themselves up when almost all the troops had already gone. The trenches in many places were only ten or twenty yards from the enemy, and though the weather was calm, there was a full moon, obscured generally, it is true, by cloud-mist. At Suvla the Turkish positions stood on a higher level than the British trenches, though the landing beaches were out of view. No one dared to hope that the evacuation could be carried out without loss, and the fifty horses and mules which were left behind were the provision for bringing off the wounded. The stores were carefully and methodically burned, the fires causing some anxiety as to fear of betrayal. But though the Turks kept up a desultory shell fire on the 17th and early on the 18th, nothing was discovered. Suvla paid a first and last service to the expedition by making the withdrawal at Anzac possible, since, if the Turks had been installed in the Suvla position, Anzac would have been under converging fire. The last man to leave Suvla was the General Commanding the army corps there, and the troops watched from the battleship the picket-boats searching for stragglers before steaming away.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE SURRENDER OF FREE SERVICE.

WE confess to a deep concern at the prospect that this war, which was begun by a united nation, is now likely to be concluded by a divided one. But we are hardly less concerned that the Cabinet's surrender of the principle of voluntary service in war in the hour of its vindication should have been taken under circumstances which reflect so little credit on the wisdom and character of our rulers. If we were to have conscription, it was clearly wise to avoid the greater dangers associated with it. The plan should have been as well-considered as possible. It should have been adopted from conviction and not from newspaper pressure, and it should have been made clear to the world that the Derby scheme had had the fair trial that was promised it. In the absence of any urgent reason for refilling the ranks of the Army, and with a full flow of recruits secured for many weeks, Conscription should not, even in principle, have been hustled through the Cabinet. Yet all these blots appear in and disfigure this week's decision. The "Times" chose the day on which the Cabinet sat to bring its heaviest guns to bear on the Prime Minister to enforce the "fulfilment" of his "pledge," under a covert hint of personal dishonor. The plan to which, under that pressure, the Cabinet appears to have assented, was neither Mr. Lloyd George's nor Mr. Asquith's, but the "Daily Mail's." It is not an all-round scheme of compulsion, but is confined to a single class. And compulsion itself is to be resorted to without a serious attempt to show whether it is wanted or is worth doing, whether the material result it promises could or could not be obtained by voluntary means, and whether the returns of the Derby appeal would or would not show this to be the fact. A Liberal Government is jettisoned in one afternoon; free service on another. What is to go next?

The crisis thus precipitated has been led up to with much art. A trap was set for the Prime Minister. He was induced to say that married men should not be called on until all but a negligible number of unmarried men had come forward. The Derby scheme was thus turned round from an instrument for securing recruits into a means of holding them back while the pressure for coercion was applied. When the returns came in and were roughly counted up they yielded two masses of results. The first mass of attested men was an enormous body approaching three millions. The conscriptionists declined to regard this as of any consequence. It had to be sifted and reduced to its final proportions in its yield of recruits. The second mass of unattested single men was quite differently regarded. It was treated as a *bloc* of unwilling but unencumbered "slackers," who were hindering the passage of the willing married with families to think of, and Mr. Asquith was at once called on to redeem his pledge, and force them into the Army. The fact was that Mr. Asquith's pledge had not come into being at all. It was obviously subject to two conditions. The first was that the claims for exemption should first be investigated by the tribunals, so that the Government could see how many avail-

able recruits it had actually got out of the tremendous number of offers of service, and whether its needs were satisfied.\* The second was that a similar analysis should be applied to the unattested single men, so that the Government could also see whether more than a "negligible" number were improperly hanging back. It is a matter of dispute how this second analysis should be conducted. But until the two investigations had been made, neither the Cabinet nor anybody else could say what were the meaning and true results of the Derby appeal. We gather, by Mr. McKenna's and Mr. Runciman's proffered resignations, that the demand for time to inquire has been roughly pushed aside, and that the ramrod of force is at once to be thrust into all this delicate machinery of lives and purposes. We will not for the moment raise the immense political difficulties in which this unconsidered action involves us. The greatest of them all is that of Ireland. It seems to us to be little short of a betrayal of Home Rule to force Mr. Redmond to insist on the exclusion of Ireland from conscription under penalty of exposing him to the retort that in doing so he reveals her essential disunity from the Empire.

We hope, however, that the lovers of this country will not conclude that there is something sapless in its fibre merely because of the recklessness with which its statesmen are throwing its greatest institutions away. There is not. There is a right and a strong England still. But it is a weak and a feckless England which is being presented to the world in its press and in its political direction. We entered on this war with three great blessings, peculiarly applicable to our effort to restore the threatened liberties of Europe. These three things were integral parts of a Constitution which every liberal nation admires and regards as a banner under which this struggle is to be carried forward to ultimate victory. They were free military service, a free Parliament, and a free press. This week the Government has surrendered the first of these franchises, after having gravely qualified the second and the third. A press to which a Government Censor denies the right of reporting a great meeting of workmen addressed by a Cabinet Minister, and which is virtually compelled to accept that Government's report (a misleading one) of such an assembly, can hardly be said to exist as an organ for the instruction of public opinion. Not less humiliating is the position of Parliament. It was not in phantasy that we devised a system under which the House of Commons was divided into main groups, one supporting the existing Government, the other criticizing it. It was for the creation of a strong Executive, subject to the final exercise of the Parliamentary power to which, in the last resort, all British Governments must bow. The present crisis does not diminish the importance of this power, but greatly increases it. Its maintenance is now shown to be inconsistent with the formation of a Coalition and the withdrawal of a regular Opposition. In the absence of such an Opposition the House of Commons, as anyone who knows its history and character might have imagined, has lost all authority. It is

\* This point is brought out with great force in an article in Wednesday's "Manchester Guardian."



allowed to know little or nothing of the conduct of the war, even of its most disastrous episodes, and for lack of that knowledge cannot stretch its hands over any of the offenders or the causes of offence or set up those means of inquiry by which administrative efficiency is secured. As to the Derby scheme, not a single fact or figure has been presented to it, and the problem will now, we suppose, first come before it in the shape of a Conscription Bill. To crown this disrespectful treatment, at the first hint of opposition to a measure which changes the British Constitution, a Dissolution is held over its head, and a kind of plebiscitary despotism held up as the model of a British Government in time of war.

It is inevitable that in such an atmosphere as this, the liberties of the people should one by one be disappearing. For what cause? Those who lightly and cruelly talk of "fetching" certain classes of them into the Army, or "bringing them in by force," forget how willingly these liberties were yielded up, not only when the first appeal was made to the patriotism of the nation, but through the months of discouragement that succeeded it. Under that appeal, three million men enlisted for a foreign war, conducted in theatres more and more distant from the motherland. A second appeal was made, and nearly three million more volunteers, fit or unfit, responded. It is true that a considerable residuum was left, particularly in the class which has, after all, furnished the great majority of the existing armies. But no one, certainly no member of the present Cabinet, knows of what that residuum consists—whether, when sifted out it will mount up to 300,000 men, or sink as low as 100,000. Its quality is equally obscure. No man can say how many must be eliminated on the ground of physical disability (the lowest estimate is 60 per cent.), how many are engaged in war work or indispensable civil work, such as transport, coal-mining, the manning of the mercantile marine, the mines, the necessary export industries, and how many are the sole support of their homes; how many are conscientious objectors; how many, in a word, are really available material. Least of all can he aver that when all these men have been eliminated from the non-attesting classes, the last sifting, which will now never be made, will reveal a body large enough to be worth enlisting by force or good enough to be taken into the Army after impressment. But that is by no means all. Thousands of men have never been canvassed, for a reason, familiar to the electioneering agent, that there has been no time to trace the removals, which in a few months or weeks completely alter the character of an industrial district. They cannot be classed as "slackers," for their mind has never been sounded. In a word, the Derby canvass has never been given a chance. It is left an incompleated operation, its true results unknown and uncalculated. For want of a little patience, a little imagination, a great principle of government goes by the board, and Conscription is rushed through in a single meeting of the Cabinet before any serious attempt is made to discover whether it is necessary or no.

What, then, has happened? The Prime Minister makes a kind of pledge with himself or with Lord Derby or with some (not all) of his Ministers. He makes it to Parliament in a form in which he insists on the unity of the nation and the desirability of assuring its consent to so great a change as that from forced to voluntary service. The unity of the nation soon disappears from the scene. The pledge is given a narrower and narrower shape, till the Prime Minister lets Lord Derby simply say that he requires the enlistment of all but a "negligible" minority of the unmarried men. But this "unneeded" number cannot be reckoned up until the dimensions of the "need" itself have been stated. This is precisely what has never been done. The Prime Minister has never told Parliament or the people how many men the nation can afford for soldiering after we have arranged to keep the Navy at the highest efficiency, feed our people and maintain our over-sea commerce, make our munitions, pay our debts, and supply our Allies. Mr. McKenna, we believe, strongly holds the view that the country is recruiting more soldiers than it can pay for, that the present rate of expenditure cannot be maintained, that our five or six millions a day are so many milestones on the road to ruin. Mr. Runciman holds a similar opinion. These two men are perhaps the ablest administrators in the Government. Has the Prime Minister considered their view? Does he accept or does he reject it? We do not know. The Government are without a policy on this vital matter of the size of the Army. Are they therefore absolved from all inquiry as to the use they have made of the millions of free soldiers already offered them? These are not times in which a great nation can be asked to give everything—including its liberty to work or not to work, to fight or not to fight—and be told nothing. In Gallipoli it has freely given 100,000 young lives to be lost or half-ruined. How many more soldiers will the application of compulsion yield to our battalions than that single tragedy of wastefulness has subtracted from them?

These are questions to be answered; for in this war of liberty, we cannot see the fabric of England's spiritual appeal to the conscience of the world destroyed for so paltry a cause as the drafting of a few score thousand men into voluntary armies running up into millions. The sceptic, we know, derides liberty; then let him cease making war on Germany and hoping to cast out Satan in Satan's name. We, on the other hand, who believe in ideas, feel that that cause has been gravely compromised; and that to assert it we must call to our aid the forces that will keep England essentially the same community as she is to-day.

#### A HORDE OR AN ARMY?

THE long struggle between those who are either caught by the idea of compulsion or fascinated with its fruits, and those who hate the one and depreciate the other, has reached a head. The obsession of numbers has seized upon the Government, and the country, knowing nothing of the facts, is asked to close the transaction with a blank cheque. Soon, we suppose, it will be

treason to cast doubt upon the necessity and the possibility of recruiting effective armies of the order which they visualize. Yet any serious consideration of the question can only create the gravest misgiving upon both heads.

We must already have recruited enough men to keep even the huge number at present engaged upon the various fronts in the field for a year. There is therefore no immediate need for conscription. And to say this is to look upon the armies in the field as continually subject to the wastage which, as a matter of fact, they only suffer when actually engaged in the costly operations of modern attack, or defence against concerted and formidable attack. It is ludicrous to imagine that there is serious wastage for the greater part of the time upon the front where the bulk of our men are engaged. There is no wastage in Egypt, none in the Balkans; and the numbers engaged elsewhere are comparatively small. Even Captain Guest would hardly suggest that the wastage, which he puts at 10 per cent. per month, applies to such days of desultory engagements as the armies at present experience. Yet, if we were to reckon on that basis, it is certain that, with the men already recruited, we could maintain in the field for a year even the one and a quarter million men now said to be present there. On a more reasoned reckoning we should be able to keep them in the field for any period up to about twenty months. The mere suggestion of such a period seems so crazy that prudent men may be forgiven for ignoring it. The most recent estimate of German wastage, and it is the more credible in that it comes from a neutral, puts the number of men which Germany will be able to put *into the field* at the end of another year as about two millions. How can anyone resist the conclusion that even with a modicum of intelligence and correlation in the use of the Allied resources, the war will never reach that point? But, if the conclusion is sound, what is the reason for this frantic beating up of numbers?

If the case for the necessity of the huge armies which the compulsionists suggest is so nebulous, what must be said for the case for the possibility of turning out such armies? No reputable military student will admit that the fruits of conscription can be realized in any modern country in the time which is given us. The accepted position is that a generation would be required, and although such an estimate turns largely upon the introduction of conscription under normal conditions, it cannot, under any circumstances, be reduced to the present time limits. An army is a great deal more than a vast body of men, even if the men be willing. These may form a horde or mob which could probably be dispersed and destroyed by an army one per cent. of their size. What can be done by really efficient soldiers, even against heavy odds, was shown about a year ago in the German escape from envelopment at Lodz, in the stand of our regular Army fourteen months ago at Ypres, and in the fighting retreat through the woods of Augustowo last February. These were the exploits of finely trained soldiers. An army is a body of men ruled by a large and complicated hierarchy. It is expressed only in its lowest terms when reckoned apart from the hierarchy. The

greatest praise ever paid to the British Regular Army was the German suggestion that it was an army of non-commissioned officers. Such an army must be the most formidable military instrument in the world; just as an army without thoroughly efficient non-commissioned officers—if it can be described as an army—is the least dangerous. An army is, in effect, exactly what its ruling and leading is. All the numbers in the world are useless without the proper complement of thoroughly trained officers. Beyond a certain limit—and it is fairly low—even the most efficient non-commissioned officers cannot direct men.

It is a question of compelling interest, then, whence the officers for these huge new armies are being drawn. There have been various experiments in the supply of non-commissioned officers. At first they were largely old non-commissioned officers who had formerly belonged to the regular army. But it has been a fairly general experience that these old soldiers knew chiefly the vices and a little of the mechanism of the old army. At best they knew the accidentals, and to some extent these had become discredited. Efficient commissioned officers have given it as their opinion that it was even better to make new non-commissioned officers than to choose these older men. But this is a dangerous experiment, succeeding magnificently in many cases, but failing badly in others. Need it be said that a thoroughly efficient officer is the product of a long training, even when the men are of such good raw material as the new armies frequently afford? No one would suggest entrusting a doctor of twelve months' training with the powers of a practitioner duly qualified; yet it seems to be thought by some people that non-commissioned officers can be turned out in that time, and given power over a number of men's lives. They are the chief concern of a commander. It is probable that the problem of recruiting the high command is much simpler than that of supplying the vast number of thoroughly competent non-commissioned officers without which an army is a mob, much more dangerous to itself than to the enemy. There is no short cut to supplying this imperative need, and there is no solution suggested which does not inflict a damage upon the army at present in the field. The necessary officers can be stolen from the armies already formed. But these will not only be the weaker by that loss. They will be weakened still more by the men who will take their place.

The point needs no laboring. It is of vital importance. And there is another point of equal, if not greater, consequence. A horde is not turned into an army merely by being built into a definite and intricate framework. The hodge-podge material must be fused and annealed by that *ensemble* of mental and moral states which we call *moral*. The fine uprising of a nation, fired by a great ideal, has already brought over three million men to the colors. It is one of the most essential parts of an army's equipment, a treasure to be hoarded and fostered. Yet there seems to have been a deliberate conspiracy to waste and destroy it. The grave side of the situation is that men impressed against their will, laboring under a sense of injustice, and probably distinguished either in regiments or in the companies to which they are allotted, will be no source of strength, but rather a weak-

ness, to the Army. The virtue, or vice, which has carried our nation through a hundred crises in the past is a sort of stubbornness which seemed a racially fixed quality. What is to be the effect of compelling men who have either had no final chance of enlisting voluntarily or have seriously come to the conclusion that their duty lies in other directions?

The willingness to leave all one's nearest and dearest to look to themselves is one of the most serious parts of an army's education, and to achieve it a complete revolution of outlook is necessary. It is impossible for such a mental revolution to take place in this country in a moment. The first operation of the Conscription Law in France was met by wholesale evasion, the forging of certificates, self-mutilation, and desertion. It is a far cry from that day to this; but though the same effects need not be feared from the mad and muddled methods by which recruits have been recently drawn in, we shall have lost the fine spirit which a voluntary recruitment might have nursed and fostered. If we can rear huge effective armies without cadres, and from men filled with a sense of wrong, then, indeed, the world of miracles will have come again.

#### A SERVILE STATE?

THE "official report" of Mr. Lloyd George's address to the Clyde munition workers on Christmas Day, to which was accorded a monopoly of publication, cannot conceal the gravity of a situation due mainly to the mishandling of labor by the Ministry of Munitions. It is far more important for us to know the truth about these matters of vital interest than to hide the knowledge of them from our enemies. To hide our discontent does not conduce to any solidarity whatever. Quite the contrary. To stay the formation of opinion and the play of reasonable criticism is merely a way of enabling officials to pursue their dangerous course unchecked.

If we are to fight this war successfully, we must fight it free and open-eyed, not bound, dragged, and doped. There is no good, but much evil, in keeping out of sight the natural and reasonable dissatisfaction of large bodies of workers in great industrial districts such as the Clyde and South Wales. When we describe them as natural and reasonable, we do not mean that we disapprove the great majority of the demands or requests urged upon the trade unionists or of the emergency powers taken by the Government. On the contrary, we think them necessary. Almost everyone agrees that the mere "demand" for munitions, left to operate by ordinary business pressure, could not have achieved the rapid transformation in the engineering and metal trades required to give the needed output. Governmental stimulus, compulsion, and control were essential to success. To stimulate and compel employers was a comparatively easy task, for Government contracts rapidly arranged between expert business men and, shall we say? less expert Government agents, generally afford solid comfort to capital. But labor needed more careful and considered treatment. The initial mistake was in supposing that rises in wage-rates and war-bonuses would be taken as an adequate compensation alike for longer and intenser work and for the abandon-

ment of the whole of that structure of collective self-help slowly built up by generations of persistent struggle. A great opportunity lay before the Government at the outset of the war. It was to enlist the latent idealism and enthusiasm of the workers for the whole-hearted support of the war. No man seemed better qualified by nature and prestige to rally the sympathetic patriotism of great masses of working men than Mr. George. And his early addresses were brilliant examples of this capacity for stirring the emotions and imagination. Unfortunately, the orator took up the rôle of the hustler. Now, successful hustling is in reality a delicate art, not a matter of arbitrary bounce. The problem was to induce great bodies of organized workers, suspicious of employers, of Government officials, even of their own leaders, to suspend or modify all their formal and informal rules and restrictions which interfered with increased output and the elasticity of methods which the emergency demanded. Now, to do this successfully required the genuinely voluntary acceptance of the rank and file. It could only be had by reposing confidence in the workers, and by getting them to abrogate or modify their own rules, and to watch, with real powers of control, the resulting system. This indeed was the theory adopted by Ministers in speeches and in conferences. But this theory was inadequately expressed in the Munitions Act. In the administration of that Act labor was assigned no real voice in the determination of its fate. Its charters of liberty were torn up by employers acting "on their own," or by sympathetic arrangements with officials or magistrates. The distinctions between skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled workers, between different trades and processes, were suddenly broken down. For the first time in their lives workers found themselves bound to a single employer, subject to fines and imprisonment for the exercise of liberties to which they were inured, and with no effective appeal. When these grievances came to a dangerous head, a dose more of assuaging oratory was applied with copious promises of redress. But, as we have already pointed out, the Amending Bill shows no realizing sense of the defects and dangers of the situation, and is quite incompetent to win the confidence of the workers. Why, then, this pretence that at Glasgow Mr. George was master of the situation, and that in a thoroughly representative gathering his opponents and critics only mustered "a small section"?

It is essential that the realities of the situation shall be grasped. Not only the Government, but the public must be got to comprehend the nature of the suspicions of the workers and the way to remove them. Though Mr. George appears to know little of the history of trade unions, some of his colleagues cannot be so ignorant. It might have been supposed that the achievement of a few weeks ago, the federation of the great unions in the transport trade, would have carried men's minds back to the menacing situation in the years before the war. The early spectacular events of the war stampeded the minds of all classes and blinded the workers to the significance of the emergency measures of the Government, and the new bonds



imposed upon them. The slow process of events has brought them to a clearer sense of their situation, and they do not like it. Even the high earnings of the skilled workers, accompanied by great fatigue and nervous tension, cannot any longer hide from them the precarious condition of their present and their future. Mr. Mellor recently set out in our columns the grievances which the Amending Bill leaves unredressed, in particular the refusal of a satisfactory Tribunal.

But that is not the only load that weighs upon the minds of the more thoughtful working men. Looking forward to the conditions of affairs when peace is won, they see a prospect of wreckage and even of anarchy. Millions of men pouring back from arms into industry, the swift contraction of the artificially inflated munitions and khaki trades, the disappearance of large foreign markets, and the slow speculative struggle to replace their loss, the precarious state of traders' and manufacturers' credit, the high rate of interest, and the consequent depression of wages—glimpses of these impending troubles are well calculated to inflame suspicions. For though clear analysis of so complex a situation is impossible, one salient fact stands out—namely, that the early conditions both of wages and of employment will be one of grave embarrassment. And with such a prospect before them, workers are compelled to "scrap" the whole of their defences, without a solid, substantial guarantee for their effective restoration. Is it reasonable to expect them to consent? Now it is their real consent that is needed. For no combination of compulsion, cajolery, and deception can succeed in evoking and maintaining the spirit essential to the best economy of labor power. We therefore urge the Government, while there is yet time, to reverse its procedure, to repose in the workers the real responsibility for laying aside such rules and customs as can safely be suspended, and to give them a satisfactory share both in the administration of the Acts and in the Courts, bearing in mind the fact that the workers constitute nine-tenths of the fighting and the working force of the nation, and that the war upon which we are engaged is not really won unless it establishes more firmly the predominance of personal liberty in all the arts of politics and industry.

#### CHINA AND THE OPEN DOOR.

BECAUSE of the diplomatic problems which it may soon present, the condition of China demands our attention, even amid a world-war. Civil strife in an undeveloped country of immense potential wealth commonly leads to foreign intervention, and the whole future of the Far East may hang on the question whether this intervention can be postponed until the war is over. In the one event the greater part of China may fall under a species of Japanese protectorate; in the other, such regulation as might be necessary from outside would be international, and might with good guidance preserve at once the self-government of the Chinese people and the principle of equal opportunity for foreign trade.

The internal struggle in China is curious and interesting, but it raises as yet no question which stirs

our sympathies or calls for our interference. It is, as we read in the recent history of China, a contest between two factions, which represent between them only an infinitesimal portion of the people of China. The Republicans may have in their ranks some elements that are promising and disinterested, but their enlightenment is as yet crude, superficial, and imitative, and their propaganda has not yet stirred the vast inert mass of the nation. Yuan-Shih-Kai, on the other hand, clearly possesses great practical capacity, but we know too little of his recent record to decide whether his lack of scruple in such matters as the removal of inconvenient opponents and the violation of his oath to the Constitution, is balanced by the organizing skill which might, if it had opportunity, build up an orderly and moderately progressive central government for China. We doubt whether the theoretical question between Monarchy and Republicanism is one which the Chinese are ripe to decide. We doubt still more whether it really presents itself. Yuan as Emperor can hardly be more autocratic than he was as President. Until the Chinese create some kind of national army, their semi-brigand levies, with adventurers at their head, will always be for sale. A true Republic is incompatible with a virtually mercenary army. The actual issue in China is, and has always been, between centralization and the local independence of the provinces. Yuan stood, whether as President or Emperor, for central rule from Peking. The real force of the Republican movement resides, not in any democratic theory, but in the separatist tendencies of the provinces, especially those of the South.

It is possible that a loose federal structure may be the system best suited to the genius of the Chinese race. It is certain, however, that only a closely-knit unity can give to China the necessary strength to resist the pressure of foreign penetration. If Yuan be, indeed, the man who can organize unity, his success might be a subject for temperate satisfaction, even though it should involve some present loss of political freedom. China stands, as we read her case, near the hour of a tragic decision. She has virtually lost all her outer provinces and dependencies—Korea, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Thibet; but as yet the true China of the Chinese is intact. The ferment of Western ideas and modern education is actively at work, and a generation may suffice to convert her into a powerful independent nation, with a profoundly original "culture" of her own, modified but not destroyed by foreign influences. It matters very little whether her period of evolution is broken by revolutions and counter-revolutions, or whether it proceeds under a Monarchy or a nominal Republic. What does matter to China and the world is that, in the interval of hopeful and promising confusion, the menace of foreign rule and foreign partition should be avoided. Our own civil con-foreign partition should be avoided.

There is no mystery about the aims of Japanese policy. They were avowed in the claims presented after the falls of the German fortress of Tsing-tau. Japan then demanded, in addition to many economic concessions, the exclusive right to appoint military, financial, and political advisers and instructors to the Chinese Government. That was a demand for the recognition of a Japanese protectorate over China, and, though it was

eventually withdrawn, it revealed with sufficient frankness the direction of Japanese statesmanship. A spokesman of the Japanese Government has recently laid before a select American audience proposals for a working understanding. The "New Republic" has summarized his speech, which frankly avowed "Japan's intention of controlling the economic development of China." American capital would be welcome, and some share of the profits would go to America. But Baron Shibusawa made it clear that Japan "proposes to exercise as much political authority in China as she needs to make her economic position secure," and that she reserves for the United States only "a minor share of the resulting trade, power, and responsibility." If these are the aims of Japan, they make for us a political problem second only to those of the war itself. No one would dispute the natural claim of Japan to a great influence in China, or to a large share in promoting her economic development. But it cannot be forgotten that her share is already recognized by her annexation of Korea and her predominant position in Manchuria. When she proposes to go further and to penetrate China proper, two questions arise: our treaty obligation to maintain the reality of Chinese independence, and our own economic interest in the maintenance of the open door. We hardly suppose that even if the civil confusions of China were to enable Japan to establish herself formally at Peking as the protecting Power, she would go so far in the first instance as to impose a tariff which would favor her own exports and exclude ours. The methods of modern commercial Imperialism are rather more subtle than that. It works by obtaining for itself a monopoly of "concessions." It builds the railways, digs the mines, founds the factories and the workshops, and controls the banks of a "penetrated" country. When it has the political administration, the credit system, and the production of a country in its grasp, it can with ease control the market. Our exports might still enter the Treaty Ports freely, but the Chinese market would meanwhile have been captured by the produce of local factories and workshops owned and directed by Japanese syndicates.

To a policy of this kind there are two possible alternatives. The traditional reply would be to mark out "spheres of influence," within which we and other Western Powers would claim a monopoly of our own in "concessions." Russia might advance from the North and the West, and France from the South, while we should struggle to maintain our old claim upon the Yangtse Valley. The rest of China, in that event, would fall to Japan. Such a policy would be fatal in the first place to Chinese independence. It would inevitably turn the very elements of the Chinese nation which desire to absorb Western civilization into anti-foreign nationalists. It would present the gravest risks of dissension among the Powers before their "spheres" were satisfactorily delimited. It would compel us, finally, in self-defence, to adjust our policy to the maintenance of a local monopoly for the benefit of our own finance, with consequences repugnant to all of us who wish that British influence in the world should follow aims more human and more democratic than this sordid rivalry for exclusive economic opportunities. We

desire neither a Japanese monopoly in China as a whole, nor a British monopoly in the Yangtse Valley. But if one Power is allowed to begin ear-marking of monopolies, it will be impossible to hold back the rest from the rush to secure something before the whole field is appropriated. The alternative, to our thinking, must be an honest attempt to internationalize all natural monopolies in China. If the whole railway system were unified, the share of the various national groups of financiers in its capital might be allotted on an agreed ratio. A similar process could be followed in regard to the mines. In no other way can rivalry be avoided and China protected from the territorial claims which inevitably follow when any single Power is allowed to engross the big capital undertakings of a single district. The first concern of our diplomacy must be at all costs to stave off any foreign intervention while the war lasts. Its second task must be to think out, in concert with France and the United States, some constructive policy of the Open Door.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

ALL is in suspense; and as I write no one can tell whether the Government will survive the staggering blow which the conscriptionist victory has dealt it. It may lose Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman; it has gone very near to losing Sir Edward Grey; Sir John Simon's adhesion has been (as on previous occasions) in doubt; while Mr. Henderson cannot yet count on carrying his party with him in his rapid conversion to Labor's anathema. The balance may alter this way or that; but the moral effect of the surrender of free recruiting will remain. It was astonishingly sudden; and yet it is a test of the loss of all principle and steadfastness in our politics that for the moment it was imagined that a Cabinet with a majority of voluntarists would fail to furnish one dissenting voice. The disillusion came when the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade broke away, and Sir Edward Grey's profound dislike of the policy of force and unlimited recruiting revealed itself. Conscription was not and could not have been the sole issue; behind it must have lain Mr. McKenna's vital but little regarded plea for a limitation to the size of the Army. When its seriousness was seen, no pains were spared to secure a compromise. The efforts of the "Smootherers" may succeed, but the unlimited army idea, like the compulsion idea, holds the field, and, with the exception of the two Ministers I have mentioned, the Liberal element in the Cabinet is too purely opportunist in tone or too weak in character, and has been too long severed from the best party influences, to dispute it.

If Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman go, the Government loses its best men of business, and by far its most capable administrators. Incidentally, it also loses the men whom, so far as I can judge, the Parliamentary party most trusts. Mr. McKenna's success has been astonishing. "The only Chancellor of the Exchequer since Gladstone," said a not always admiring colleague

of him. In six months he has had to repair the waste and disorder which his predecessor at the Treasury left behind, to carry the War Loan, to negotiate the American Loan, to pass the Budget, and to lay hands on the American securities. All these tasks he has accomplished. Not a great Parliamentarian, he has yet completely re-established the place which the Treasury used to hold in the confidence of the House of Commons.

MR. RUNCIMAN has been no less successful. By common consent the Board of Trade has been the best administered of the "business" offices in the Government. The great cornering purchases of meat, copper, and indigo, for which he was responsible, all came off. The Foreign Office was given invaluable help in the management of shipping and disputes with neutrals. The tone was conciliatory and firm, and necessary and broad decisions were promptly taken. It is not, therefore, only the political side of the Cabinet which will suffer by his withdrawal and Mr. McKenna's. It is its efficiency as an organ of war. The country rears a fair number of Curzons and Selbornes; it is not quite so prodigal of administrative capacity.

WHAT of the Parliamentary opposition to the Conscription Bill? It will, of course, be weaker than it would be if the accommodating process which has gone on since the week began secures a nominally (though only a nominally) united Cabinet. But even then it will be formidable. There are no abler Parliamentarians than Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon, and the Radical and Labor dissentients include the best of the non-Ministerial members. From such a body a weak Conscription Bill without a Conscience Clause may well receive such a shaking that, after the experience of the Munitions Act, the Government may not dare to put it into operation. To provide for that contingency, the threat of a Dissolution is already being sown among the ranks. One act of violence is thus to succeed another; for, indeed, when once a Ministry deserts the broad ground of national unity, it is its impulse to treat the resulting dissensions as a form of treason to the nation. But is it conceivable that Parliament will submit to have a Conscription Bill forced upon it before it has had time to consider the results of the Derby scheme—not a figure has as yet been presented to it—in the absence of any urgent military necessity, and with no Ministerial policy on the question of the size of the Army?

THESE are the fruits of this colossal error. Yet I find among Liberals less disposition to blame the Prime Minister than Mr. Lloyd George. Confidence has indeed been lost, and cannot, I fear, return. But no one thinks that Tuesday's surrender would have been possible in face of Mr. Asquith's original objections to it if the man who owes more to democracy than any Minister of his generation had not been the first to pass over to its enemies. The Government may have contained noisier advocates of Conscription than Mr. Lloyd George; but he has been its prime champion. Without him there could have been no Coalition. Without the Coalition there could have been no Conscription. And had there been no Lloyd

George in the Coalition Cabinet there would still have been no Conscription.

REALLY, if the Government insists on setting up a monopoly in reporting, it might take some pains to secure its accuracy. I can understand its refusing to permit the publication of any report of Mr. Lloyd George's Glasgow meetings with the munition workers, but not its issue of a—well, quite inadequate account of them. For that is really what has happened. I have before me two stories of what occurred, coming from Labor sources, one of them a singularly balanced and moderate report. They agree in saying that a majority of the audience in St. Andrew's Hall was unfriendly; that the meeting broke up after a refusal to hear a reply from a Labor representative to Mr. George's speech; that a majority of the local unions declined to go into conference; and that the shop conferences of December 23rd and December 24th did not, to put it mildly, bring about a reconciliation. What is the point of glossing over these facts, and suggesting instead a triumph of oratory and conciliation? Mr. George has the power to achieve both these results, and he may yet obtain them. The workers are far from unamenable, and there is no leaven of anti-patriotism among them. They are, indeed, agreed on principles; and they can be settled with on lines of good faith. But the settlement is not yet.

I HAD lost sight for some time of my old friend Mr. Hawksley, but though he was slipping out of the political life he loved there was a time when he was one of a score of the most prominent actors in it. For it was he who held the secret of the dreaded telegrams which were to complete the discomfiture of Mr. Chamberlain and re-set Mr. Rhodes on the vacant pedestal. They were never produced, though Mr. Abel Thomas once had them in his pocket in the House of Commons—and kept them there. I believe Mr. Stead saw them. I did not, but Mr. Hawksley always assured me that they were conclusive of the Rhodes case. Maybe; but Mr. Hawksley was a keen partisan. He was thought to be a singularly subtle and evasive man, when really he was a simple and rather confiding one. Sir William Harcourt, in particular, thought him quite a terrible intriguer. He was an affectionate cultivator of the great Cecil Rhodes legend, and a very able administrator of his affairs. But I should not have called him a great politician.

THE death of Mr. Whitbread takes one back to old days, when this fine figure was one of the physical ornaments of the House of Commons, and a not inconsiderable force in its life. His personal grace was very real, if a little massive, and he was often chosen to fix the official view of Gladstonian policy among the private Liberal members in moments when party discipline was getting a trifle lax. He spoke well, with a simple but excellent choice of language, and great dignity of manner. To a sceptical mind, these apologies were not always convincing, but they were very well done, and Gladstone's obvious appreciation of them was always a sight to see.

A WAYFARER.



## Life and Letters.

### THE STAKES OF DIPLOMACY.

Most men who can detach their minds sufficiently from the terrible pressure of passing events are seeking to discover some path of safety for the nations to tread after they have emerged from this valley of the shadow of death. What is it necessary to do that nations may dwell together in a tolerable degree of amity? Even timid thinkers are impelled by the urgency of the case to commit themselves to the boldest remedies. For never was Mill's maxim more manifestly true: "Small remedies for great diseases do not produce small results, they produce no results." But there are two types of really radical reformer. One is concerned with the immediate application of a remedy large enough and drastic enough to provide against every recurrence of the trouble. Get nations to agree upon disarmament, and they will no longer be disposed to fight. Universalize the principle of arbitration so that a just settlement is possible for every dispute. Establish Free Trade between all nations so that their interests are intimately interwoven and frontiers are no longer barriers. Each of these proposals is so obviously just and reasonable, that it is difficult to understand why it is not accepted everywhere as immediately practicable. And there are many who hope that fear may accomplish what abstract reason and justice have failed to accomplish hitherto. After the war many of our old inhibitions and our deepest-seated prejudices will have disappeared, and nations will perceive the necessity of "getting together" upon a better basis! But will they? asks the "real" politician. Will war evoke disarmament? Will the clash of national antagonisms establish the desire for arbitration or break down the barriers of trade tariffs? Can we expect the temple of eternal peace to rise from the ashes of this world-battlefield?

Starting from this frankly sceptical position, Mr. Walter Lippmann, perhaps the ablest and the coolest of the new political thinkers of America, proceeds in his new volume, entitled "The Stakes of Diplomacy" (Henry Holt & Co.), to re-examine the international case with the object of finding an answer, not to the question "How shall we fundamentally transform the relations between States?" but "What are the least changes in the existing machinery of international relations by which we can carry on?"

We hasten to distinguish Mr. Lippmann's position from that of mere opportunism. He does this for himself by means of an exceedingly acute diagnosis of the patriotism and national policies which breed trouble between nations:—

"The fierce power of national feeling is due to the fact that it rises from the deepest sources of our being. It is the primitive stuff of which we are made: our first loyalties, our first aggressions, the type and image of our soul. It is fixed in the nursery, and the spell of it is never lost. The things we knew as children, the standards we received, the tones we heard, the pictures we stored in our minds, the scenery, the houses, the gestures, the prayers, the rhythms, the games, shape us and color us. They are our nationality, that essence of our being which defines us against the background of the world."

It is this great, sacred, inclusive passion which is perverted into the purposes of national exclusiveness, hatred, and war. Where modern conditions of life turn this unity of national feeling, this dignity of

national consciousness, into demands for rights, opportunities, and privileges in the larger outside world, beyond the limits of the national estate, the possibilities of this abuse of patriotism arise. The members of every civilized nation possess needs and interests, and therefore rights, in this wider world. A cloistered patriotism is not sane or practicable. But how are these real rights and interests in the outside world to be interpreted and secured? Where business men take the bit of national diplomacy in their teeth, they may ride their country to perdition. They may exploit the finer and unselfish sentiments of patriotism for the vulgar purposes of pocket. There is nothing novel in this detection of the tap-roots of the dangerous imperialism to which modern commercial nations have committed themselves. The methods by which financiers, concession-mongers, and traders have used the foreign policies of their respective nations for their private profit have been frequently exposed, though the full perils of this practice have never yet been adequately realized. It is here that we must seek for the springs of international hostility. For though the true interests of all nations in the economic and cultural civilization of the world are identical, this does not preclude opposition and jealousy in the profitable performance of the several tasks. So long as the diplomacy of each great Power is placed at the disposal of its national groups of business men for the furtherance of their profitable projects in the less developed countries of the earth, no general principles of international co-operation will avail. It is at this point that Mr. Lippmann presses his practical reform. Instead of envisaging some huge scheme for the organization of the whole world, he invites us to confine our immediate attention to the particular "arenas of friction," the weak, ill-governed, backward countries which possess rich economic potentialities, and are therefore the objects of intrigues and aggressions:—

"The chief, the overwhelming problem of diplomacy, seems to be the weak State—the Balkans, the African Sultanates, Turkey, China, and Latin-America, with the possible exception of the Argentine, Chile, and Brazil. These States are 'weak' because they are industrially backward, and, at present, politically incompetent. They are rich in resources and cheap labor, poor in capital, poor in political experience, poor in the power of defence. The government of these States is the supreme problem of diplomacy."

This war, as every modern war, setting aside the immediate causes and contrivances of mischief, derives its historical significance from these deeper conflicts of political and economic ambition. The German fleet, for instance, could not have come into being but for the stimulated support of the great new merchant class seeking colonies to exploit and foreign markets to protect. Every dangerous incident of recent decades has centred in one or other of these "arenas of friction." Why not, then, direct our pacific policy, in the first instance, exclusively or mainly to securing the beginnings of an international control for these danger spots? To build up a world-government at The Hague or elsewhere, to bring all nations into an agreement to settle all the differences by reference to an international tribunal—such large and unlimited schemes may prove impracticable. Why not practise the more rigorous economy of dealing, first, with the known areas of future trouble, and by instruments which nations have already tried to handle? In a word, Mr. Lippmann would take for his starting-point the experiments in Concerts and Conferences which from time to time through the last century have met at London, Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere, to discuss and settle this very type of difficulty. Their machinery was

improvized and defective, their "settlements" often brief-lived, partial, or unjust. But here was a rudiment of really international government applied at the right spots. Why not develop and give permanence to these Conferences, and endow them with further legislative and executive powers for the co-operative handling of recognized and limited difficulties?

Here is no panacea, but the beginnings of a new political technique, "internationalism, not spread thin as a Parliament of Man, but sharply limited to those areas of friction where internationalism is most obviously needed":—

"There should have been one (international commission) for Morocco, for the Congo, for the Balkan peninsula, perhaps for Manchuria; there may have to be one for Constantinople, for certain countries facing the Caribbean Sea. Such international governing bodies are needed wherever the prizes are great, the territory unorganized, and the competition active."

New "stakes of diplomacy" arise from time to time. China is the richest and largest. It is idle to suppose that the economic development of this huge country, containing a quarter of the population of the world, can be safely left to the older order of diplomacy, alternating between scrambles for competing spheres of influence and joint pressure of shifting international groups of bankers and their Governments.

The organization of these weak territories is undoubtedly the line of strongest need. Is it also the line of least resistance for constructive internationalism? We do not feel sure. A number of entirely separate International Commissions, laid down like plasters on the sore places of the earth, may be the most promising and practicable beginning of international Government. But Mr. Lippmann's own general analysis, we think, shows that, in order to work really well, they must be more closely correlated in a wider unity. For the very Conferences which he cites as precedents have achieved their limited successes by dealing, not with single separate areas of trouble, but by bargaining one set of local interests against another, and setting up some law or principle of wider application than the particular instance to hand. While we agree that most of the really difficult problems are not immediately suitable for any strictly judicial process, and can only be taken in hand by bodies akin to the Commissions he advocates, we hold it reasonable that if a number of these Commissions were set up, they must have some instrument of contact and of commerce with one another, and work towards the evolution of some common rules of conduct. Whether this larger form of international government ought to be the immediate object of endeavor when peace is got, may be a matter of opinion. But we are convinced that no peace, however satisfactory in other ways it may appear, which does not make some standing provision for concerted action of the Powers in these unsettled areas, will have the elements of durability.

#### THE RARE BIRD.

THERE is something about the rare bird that unites the primitive and the finished among collectors. The bird is large print that anyone can understand, and again its secrets are in minute Hebrew that almost anyone may overlook. A rather advanced taste and delicate manipulation go to the make-up of a collector of butter-

flies, and there are many who think that his must be but a poor sport. Still more wonderful is it to see someone tremble with joy as he bottles a rare slug or centipede. We wonder how he will be able to perpetuate his find, and in fact it will be hidden in a cabinet, the drawers of which will be but rarely opened. The bird, on the other hand, can be nicely mounted as though alive in a glass case that can be observed as freely as a rare picture. It is not the best way of keeping it, but that is the fate of the great majority of rare birds that are "collected."

In country houses we find all manner of feathered victims in glass cases, from escaped parakeets to goat-suckers and water rails, far more common than their proud shooters imagine. Many times their owner has no idea of what their name may be, and more often still he names them wrongly, and sometimes a rarity is hidden in a case of common birds, such as an icterine warbler masquerading as a wood-wren, or a fire-crest among goldcrests. White blackbirds and black bullfinches are never safe near the bucolic gun; less striking abnormalities escape owing to lack of observation, but the bird markedly different from those of everyday occurrence attracts a hue and cry to which it almost inevitably succumbs.

The killing of rare birds is deservedly reproved on the ground that the shot of one may rob thousands of the higher enjoyment of seeing a new species in the full enjoyment of life. Some British kinds have become extinct by the greed of the collector. As soon as a bird grows moderately rare the killing accelerates, and for the last of its kind a thousand guns are ready. It is useless for Nature to try to restock a depleted land. As soon as a great bustard lands here from Spain it becomes British, and most valuable. Its doom is certain. How can the collector be certain that it would stay to breed if left alone? "If I don't get it," he says, "someone else will, and better I than someone else." True, there is a growing body of the best naturalists to say "Better someone else than I," but in the end, the would-be founder of a British stock is "secured."

The crime against the winter migrant is not so heavy. That bird is certain to return to its summer country when spring comes. It is doubtful whether so short a stay, without intention to naturalize, should make it British. If, however, the species that are only shot here in winter were to be struck out, our British list would go down by fully 25 per cent. The fact appears, though hardly in its full strength, on a perusal of the second volume of Mr. Thorburn's "British Birds" (Longmans). His beautiful colored plates show with careful accuracy the plumage of each kind, even of those scarcely known to us by more than a single specimen. Perhaps the black woodpecker, which is not included, has as much right in the list as the little owl, which is included; but the other rarelings are here described and pictured alongside their undoubtedly British congeners and more distant relatives. The lark family supplies a number of distinguished foreigners, the short-toed lark that might almost pass for a common pipit under a very careless eye, the white-winged lark, the sixth of which kind has yet to be met in Britain, the crested lark, last seen by the merciful eye of Mr. J. G. Millais last summer, and the very distinguished-looking shore lark, now quite well-known on the East Coast as a regular winter visitor. The black lark would hardly escape observation if it came here in its summer plumage of ebony with heavy ivory beak, though in its grizzled winter coat this straggler from the Steppes has to its credit only the visit of one little flock after very stormy weather in February, 1907.

There are some very rare visitors in the swift and nightjar group. They have to be looked for in the summer, though our single red-necked nightjar was obtained nearly sixty years ago in the month of October. The roller, though plentiful along the Mediterranean, has not been seen here (and so bright a visitor could scarcely appear without being observed) during the last two hundred and fifty years, though the still more brilliant bee-eater has been here forty times. We remember hearing that this rich and rare gift of the rainbow once actually entered a house like the casual robin, and allowed itself to be there taken in the hand. The hoopoe is undoubtedly a British bird exterminated, and kept from re-establishing itself by the sacrilegious gunner. It is shot here every year in spring. Mr. Thorburn does not say when it last nested here. He quotes from Sir Thomas Browne (of two and a-half centuries ago): "Upupa or Hoopoebird, so named from its note, a gallant marked bird, which I have often seen, and 'tis not hard to shoot them."

The cuckoo would have in some ways a better chance than another bird of establishing itself in a new country. The great spotted cuckoo has only been detected here four times. As the cuckoo is known by its song, it is useful to know from Howard Saunders that the cry of the species is, for the male, "kark-kark," and for the female, "burroo-burroo." Still more wonderful is the American yellow-billed cuckoo, which seems to have crossed the Atlantic twelve times in order to "do" England. Mr. Thorburn tells us nothing of the song of this kind. Mr. Cheney says that "nothing can be compared with its slopping performance, unless it be that of the loose-mouthed hound lapping from a pan of milk." Mr. Shuyler Mathews says that it is, all on the note of A or thereabouts, *retard et dim*, "G-r-r-rolp, cowlp, cowlp, owlp, olp, olp."

The griffon vulture and the Egyptian vulture are to be looked for in England, the last-named having been last seen here in 1868. One very old solitary female white-tailed eagle has for some years vainly haunted an eyrie in the Shetlands. When last seen this year, she "was flying out to sea, mobbed by carrion crows," a truly heart-rending picture of fallen grandeur. The kite's is an old story, and the hawks being a wandering tribe, a good many turn up here now and then, besides the five or six that may be accounted indigenous. The red-footed falcon, dressed like an old-time French soldier, in blue coat and red trousers, appears like the distinguished visitor he is. The lesser kestrel might more easily be overlooked. Extremely abundant no further away than Spain, it has only been "met with" eight times in England.

That does not exhaust the list of rare birds, even in this hazard volume. The much-abused little egret has visited our shores, with the great white heron and the purple heron, and there are others. The freedom of the air means the freedom of the world, and makes our bird life fifty times richer in species than our land life, as well as giving us three times as many bats as mice. The little streak of the Irish Sea keeps the adder and the mole from crossing, but there is scarcely a spot in the world from which a bird could not reach our islands. We need not even except all the wingless birds, for the penguin rides the seas as no furred animal can. It was by swimming that the famed great auk came. The unusual animal or running bird is not only suspect, but condemned as a fraud. A mongoose is an escape from captivity beyond peradventure. Perhaps all the eagle owls shot here were the same, as were the pelicans that flew away from St. James's Park some years ago, and were

"met with" in Surrey. But the air brings us so much that anything on wings is *primâ facie* a self-borne immigrant, and we call it British. It will be long before the poor "rare bird" will be quite safe within our shores.

## Short Studies.

### DESPAIR.

It was dusk. Large, wet snowflakes whirled lazily around the newly lighted street lamps, and settled in a soft, thin layer on the roofs of the houses, on the backs of the horses, on the shoulders of men, and on their caps. The *isvoschick*, Iona Potanov, was as white as a ghost. He was bent, as much as a living body could be bent, sitting on his box, immovable. Had a snow-drift fallen on him, it seems he would not have deemed it necessary to shake the snow from himself. . . . His hack, too, was white and motionless. By her immobility, the angularity of her form, the straightness of her legs, even at a close view she resembled a gingerbread horse bought for a kopek. She seemed to be buried in thought. A mare taken from the plough, from her familiar grey landscapes, and cast in the noisy city, full of monstrous lights, incessant turmoil, and hurrying men and women, could not help but think . . . For a long time Iona and his hack had not moved from their places. They had come out of the stable-yard before dinner, and no fare had come their way as yet. And now the evening light descended over the town. The wan light cast by the street lamps grew still paler before the vivid colors of the setting sun, and the roar in the street grew louder.

"*Isvoschick*, to *Viborskoy*!" Iona heard. "*Isvoschick*!"

Iona started, and through his eyelids plastered with snow, he saw an officer in a hooded cloak.

"To *Viborskoy*!" the officer repeated. "Are you asleep, eh? *Viborskoy*!"

In token of consent Iona pulled the reins, scattering the snow from his shoulders and from the back of his mare.

The officer got into the sleigh. The *isvoschick* smacked his lips, stretched out his neck like a swan, rose from his seat, and, more from habit than necessity, cracked his whip. The hack, too, stretched out her neck, bent her straight legs, and moved irresolutely from the spot.

"Where the devil are you going to?" Iona heard a voice from the dark moving mass. "Can't you see? Keep to the right!"

"You don't know how to drive!" said the officer in his rising anger. "Keep to the right!"

The driver of a carriage swore; a man crossing the street struck his shoulder against the hack's jaw, and with an angry glare shook the snow from his sleeve. Iona fidgeted about on the box as on hot coals; he stuck out his elbows and rolled his eyes as though suffocating, seeming not to comprehend where he was and why he was there.

"What scoundrels there are, to be sure!" the officer said. "They seem to wait for an opportunity to knock you down or to fall under your wheels. Done on purpose, I dare say."

Iona turned to his fare and moved his lips. . . . He evidently wished to speak, only nothing but a hoarse incoherent sound issued from his throat.

"What?" asked the officer.

Iona screwed his mouth into a smile, and straining his throat, pronounced hoarsely: "My son . . . sir . . . died this week."

"H'm! What of?"

"I can't rightly say; from a fever, I suppose . . . He was in the hospital for three days, and then died. . . . It's the will of God."

"Whoa, you devil!" was heard from the darkness. "Can't you see where you are going, you old dog? Keep your eyes open!"



"Go on, do!" his fare said. "At this pace we shall not get there till to-morrow. Whip up!"

The isvoschick again stretched out his neck, rose from his seat, and with a slow, graceful movement, cracked his whip. Now and again he turned to his fare, but the latter had closed his eyes, and was evidently not disposed to talk. Putting him down at Viborskoy, Iona stopped by a tavern, and again sat bent and motionless on his box . . . The wet snow once more turned him and his hack to white . . . One hour passed and another . . .

Stamping heavily with their goloshes over the pavement came three young men—two of them were tall and thin, the third was short and hunchbacked.

"Isvoschick, to the Politsaisky Bridge!" the hunchback called out in a jarring voice. "Three of us . . . twenty kopeks!"

Iona pulled the reins and smacked his lips. Twenty kopeks was poor pay, but what did that matter? Was not a rouble or five alike to him now so long as he got a fare at all?

Abusing and pushing each other, the young men climbed into the sleigh, the three together. A dispute followed as to which of them should sit and which should stand. After many oaths and reproaches, they decided that the hunchback must stand, he being the smallest.

"Well, move on!" cried the hunchback in his jarring voice, as he stood breathing down the back of Iona's neck. "Whip up! I don't admire your cap, brother; you won't find a worse in the whole of St. Petersburg."

"Ha, ha," laughed Iona. "It's not bad for a cap."

"Hi, you, it's not bad for a cap. Whip up, will you? You're not going at this pace all the way, eh? Would you like me to give it you in the neck?"

"My head is simply splitting," a tall one remarked. "At the Dukmasov's yesterday Vasky and I drank four bottles of cognac between us."

"What a lie, to be sure!" the other tall one said angrily. "What a beastly lie!"

"It's true, on my honor."

"As true as that a louse coughs."

"Ha, ha," laughed Iona. "What mer-ry gentlemen!"

"Faugh! The devil take you!" the hunchback said in disgust. "Can't you go faster, you old cholera? Do you call this driving? Whip up! again, you fiend! Whip her well!"

Iona felt the shaking body and quivering voice of the hunchback behind him. He heard the abusive words addressed to him, he saw the people moving about him, but a feeling of utter loneliness, little by little, took possession of his heart. The hunchback cursed until his curses choked him. A tall one began talking about some woman named Nadejda Petrovna . . . Iona turned to look at them. Waiting for a short pause, he turned once again and mumbled . . .

"My son . . . died . . . this week!"

"We must all die some day," the hunchback said, with a sigh, wiping his lips after his fit of coughing. "Go on, will you? I can't stand this much more! When shall we get there?"

"Give him a little encouragement . . . on the neck!"

"Do you hear, you old Cholera? I'm to give it you on the neck. One can't beat about the bush with fellows like you. Do you hear, you fiend, or aren't you taking any notice of what I say?"

And Iona felt more than he heard the words of the man behind him.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Merry gentlemen . . . God give them health!"

"Isvoschick, are you married?" a tall one asked.

"I? Ha, ha! . . . Merry gentlemen . . . The only wife I have now is . . . the cold earth . . . the grave, that is . . . ha, ha! . . . My son, too, died, and I am still alive . . . A wonderful thing is death . . . She mistook one person for another . . . Instead of coming to me, she went to my son."

At this point Iona turned to tell them how his son

had died, but the hunchback, with a sigh of relief and thanks to the Almighty, announced that they had at last arrived. Receiving his twenty kopeks, Iona sat watching the noisy trio disappearing into the dark porch. . . . Once more he was alone, and once more there was silence.

. . . The pain, relieved for a few moments, again began gnawing at his heart with renewed strength. In torment, Iona's eyes wandered from side to side of the street, searching for a single person among the crowd who might be willing to listen to him. But the crowd hurried on its way, paying no heed to him or to his sorrow. His pain was vast, limitless. Were his heart to break and the pain burst forth, there would have been enough to fill the whole world; but hidden in that humble shell it was invisible, and could not be detected with the strongest light of day.

Iona caught sight of a dvornik with a sack, and resolved to speak to him.

"What is the time, my good man?" he asked.

"Ten o'clock. . . . Why have you stopped here? Move on, will you!"

Iona moved on a few paces. He bent his back and gave way to his despair. He realized the fruitlessness of appealing to men. But five minutes had scarcely gone by when he sat up straight and shook his head as though an acute pain had shot through him. He pulled the reins. . . . He could stand it no longer.

"Back to the stable-yard," he thought. "To the stable-yard."

And his hack, seeming to understand his thought, set off at a trot. In an hour and a-half Iona was already seated by the big dirty stove. On the floor, on the stove, on the benches men were snoring. The air was close and stuffy. . . . Iona looked at the sleeping mass, scratched himself, and began to regret that he had returned home so early.

"I didn't go for the oats," he thought; "that is why I'm so miserable. A man who knows his business, who is well fed, and sees that his horse is well fed, is never miserable." . . . A young isvoschick rose from a corner, stretched himself, and reached out to the bucket of water.

"Are you thirsty?" Iona asked.

"Yes."

"A health to you, then. . . . My son, mate, . . . died this week. . . . Do you hear? This week in the hospital. . . . It's a long story."

Iona looked up to see the effect produced by his words, but there was nothing to be seen. The young fellow had pulled the coverlet over his head, and was already asleep. The old man sighed and scratched himself. Just as the young fellow had thirsted to drink, he thirsted to speak. It would soon be a week since his son had died, and he had not yet opened his heart to a living soul. He wanted to talk about it properly, with the due effective pauses. . . . He wanted to explain how his son had fallen ill, how he had suffered, what he had said before death, how he had died. . . . He wanted to describe the funeral, his journey to the hospital for the deceased's clothes. And there was his little daughter, Anisia, in the country. He wanted to talk about her, too. There were so many things he wanted to talk about. And he wanted his listener to sigh and lament. . . . It was so much easier to talk to women; though stupid, they howled at the first few words.

"I'll go and see to the mare," Iona thought. "There is time enough to go to sleep. . . . Time enough."

He put on his coat and went into the stable. His thoughts were of oats, hay, and the weather. When alone he could not think of his son. It was possible to talk of him to another person, but to think of him and imagine him was unbearably painful.

"Chewing?" Iona asked the mare, gazing into her shining eyes. "Chew, chew, then. . . . Since we did not fetch the oats, we must eat hay. . . . Yes . . . I'm too old to go driving about. . . . My son should be driving, not me. A smart isvoschick he would have made . . . had he been alive."

Iona was silent for a while, then continued: "That's how things are, my mare. . . . Kusma Ionitch is no more. . . . He was not fated to live long . . .

and he died, you see, without thinking. . . . Supposing now that you had a foal, and you were this foal's own mother. . . . And supposing the foal was not fated to live long. . . . You would be sorry, wouldn't you?"

The mare went on chewing, listening to her master's voice, and breathing on his hands.

And Iona told her everything.

ANTON CHEHOV.

*Translated from the Russian by R. S. TOWNSEND.*

## Communications.

### MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE ENGINEERS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The Amalgamated Society of Engineers forms the pivot of the engineering industry. Without its support, its active and willing co-operation, the State and the employers will be unable to turn out the amount of munitions necessary for the war; and yet the Ministry of Munitions is just now deliberately pursuing a policy that is calculated further to heighten the existing discontent. In a former communication I dealt with the way in which the wishes of the fifty-five engineering unions had been flouted by the Government and the Labor Advisory Committee, and showed how no real attempt had been made in the Munitions of War Amending Bill to meet the workers' claims for a share in control and freedom. Now a similar situation has arisen with regard to the A.S.E. and the dilution of labor.

In his speech in Parliament on the work of the Ministry of Munitions on December 20th, Mr. Lloyd George urged very strongly the need for some diluting of the skilled labor in the country. He repeated his statement, first made at the Trade Union Congress, that 80,000 skilled men were needed if the country was safely to come through the struggle with Germany. He made certain rather wild charges against the workers as a whole, and generally suggested that the production of munitions was being seriously delayed by the refusal of the trade unions to help him in his efforts to meet this shortage. That the shortage exists no one denies. The enormous expansion of the engineering industry since August, 1914, the erection of national factories, the enlistment of skilled men in the Army, have together produced a situation in which there are simply not enough skilled men in the country. Even if every available man were brought back from the Army, there would still be a need for at least 40,000 additional engineers, if no further changes were to take place in the methods of production. As these additional workers do not exist, the Government has been compelled to suggest other methods for dealing with the shortage of labor.

The Munitions Department has, therefore, launched a scheme whereby the services of the skilled engineers who already exist may be used to better advantage. The main feature in the scheme is the introduction on to processes hitherto reserved for skilled men, of semi-skilled and unskilled men, and of female workers. Instead of the skilled workers continuing to perform many processes that are purely automatic, they would mainly be engaged in setting the machines for the less skilled newcomers and in training and supervising a number of assistants. Some such scheme is in all probability absolutely necessary, but it cannot be put into operation without difficulties and without consultation. The changes made during the war are likely to be permanent in their effects, and it is only fair that the views of the men who will feel these effects should be considered and respected. For Mr. Lloyd George to urge the employers to put the scheme into operation against the wishes of organized labor, and then to appeal to the Ministry of Munitions for support, is merely asking for trouble. The scheme simply cannot be worked without the support of the A.S.E., at least without so much friction that the production of munitions will be delayed in any case. Not threats, but an understanding of the workers' position is needed; unfortunately, that understanding does not dwell at No. 6, Whitehall Gardens.

As far back as October 27th the Executive Council accepted the dilution of labor, and were prepared to advise their members to work it, but only on certain definite conditions. These conditions were accepted by the Central Labor Supply Committee, approved of by Mr. Lloyd George, and the following agreement was drawn up and signed. The vital clause in the agreement is the one beginning, "That in order for the owners":—

"The Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, having considered Circulars L2 and L3 and the Report of the Minister of Munitions with regard to the scheme for the dilution of skilled labor, accept the conditions laid down therein, and are willing to co-operate in securing their application, subject to the following reservations:—

"That in order for the owners of controlled establishments to secure the co-operation of the Ministry of Munitions (Labor Supply Committee) and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in introducing the scheme for the 'dilution of labor,' it shall be incumbent upon such employers that they must observe the rates and conditions of labor as governed by Circulars L2 and L3.

"Nothing in L3 relating to wages shall prejudice the union's (Amalgamated Society of Engineers) right to raise the wages references, which for Manchester and Oldham are already placed on the agenda for Central Conference with the Engineering Employers' Federation."

There is no ambiguity about this agreement, and one would have imagined that some attempt would have been made to honor it. Instead, the Government, through its spokesmen, accused the A.S.E. of having broken faith. Actually the boot is on the other foot.

The circulars L2 and L3 mentioned in the agreement dealt with the employment and remuneration of women and of semi-skilled and unskilled men "in munition work of a class which, prior to the war, was customarily undertaken by skilled labor." It would be far too long, and much too dull, were I to detail the points in these two circulars; suffice it to say that they were some guarantee against this new labor being used to undermine the position of the skilled man now and when peace was restored. That they would have been successful in their object is open to question, but, at any rate, they were accepted by Mr. Lloyd George as just, and by the A.S.E. as the best conditions obtainable. Not only were they accepted by Mr. Lloyd George; in the agreement which I have just quoted, he pledged his word that they should be obligatory on all employers who were anxious to dilute labor with his help. That was the price for the A.S.E.'s co-operation, and, on October 27th, the Minister of Munitions accepted it.

Within a very short time the pledge was broken. The Munitions Department merely made L2 and L3 binding upon national factories, and was content with "recommending" them to private, but controlled, firms. At the time it was openly stated by employers that they were not going to take any notice of these recommendations, but were going to dilute labor. An agitation immediately arose over the question of the remuneration of the women, and in its course, the problem of the semi-skilled and unskilled was lost sight of by the general public, who had never been very much interested, and by the Ministry of Munitions. Either consciously or unconsciously the Department used the women's agitation to rid themselves of the responsibility of tackling their obligations under the agreement of October. The officials were prepared to take "powers" to deal with the wages and conditions of female workers, but they refused point blank to give legislative effect to the actual terms of circular L2, and even to take "powers" to deal with semi-skilled and unskilled male labor.

The A.S.E. hold that this refusal is a breach of faith. For the Minister of Munitions merely to be endowed with powers to establish rates of wages for women workers is not enough. It is a partial admission of the right of the skilled worker to be safeguarded against unfair competition, but it does not make binding an agreement entered into between organized labor and the State. L2 and L3 are the minimum that the A.S.E. are prepared to accept, and the reason for their refusal to co-operate with Mr. Lloyd George in the diluting of labor, is simply that Mr. Lloyd George has refused to keep his promises. Not lack of patriotism, but a determination to abide, in spirit and in the letter, by a joint obligation, is the cause of the present deadlock in the



munitions industry. Not for a moment do the A.S.E. deny the need for dilution, but the members are naturally unwilling to give to the Ministry of Munitions a blank cheque drawn on their future position.

Once again, then, trouble has arisen because Labor has been deceived. I believe that an impartial consideration of the facts I have thus briefly outlined will convince most people of the truth of this charge. There is nothing to be gained by continuing the policy of breaking promises, and the Prime Minister would be well advised to see that Circulars L2 and L3 are made obligatory in all munition establishments. Unless he does so, the dilution of labor will cause endless bitterness and discontent; if he does so, the chances are that it will work comparatively smoothly. If it is coupled with the establishment of Local and Central Joint Committees, there will be no more opposition from the A.S.E., and Mr. Lloyd George will be relieved of the necessity for cloaking over his own failures by attacks upon the patriotism of the workers.—Yours, &c.,

W. MELLOR.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE DANGER OF CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As a person who in peace-time was in favor of the introduction of some form of compulsory service, I venture to hope that you will grant me the hospitality of your columns for the purpose of commenting upon one aspect of the present recruiting problem which does not seem to have received the attention which it deserves.

If we refrain, as I contend that we should refrain, from all endeavors to forecast the actual figures which may or may not be disclosed when the result of Lord Derby's campaign is discussed in Parliament, we are all agreed that a certain number of married and of single men still remain unattested. Those numbers may be large or they may be small, they may be important or they may be negligible; but they in themselves mean nothing, and they should not, and they cannot, in themselves prove the concluding factor in influencing the Government to arrive at a decision as to the advisability or inadvisability of the introduction of compulsory service.

The point is, not how many married or single men now remain unattested, but how many of these men would be secured by compulsion and what proportion of them could still be obtained without it. The Government has the National Register as a guide to the circumstances of these men and as to the degree to which they can be spared from their present work. But as many registered persons may, in ignorance, have given incorrect information, and as some may have registered themselves as married when they are not, even this is not sufficient. Moreover, as in the hurry some eligible men were never canvassed at all, and as the canvassers certainly cannot in many cases have verified or even noted down the information which they received, it is perfectly obvious that even now the Government must still be in ignorance of some of the facts which should go to influence them in the taking of a decision which must have an effect, for good or for bad, not only upon the national life of this country, but upon the whole conduct, and, perhaps, even upon the result, of the war from an *Allied* point of view.

As there are numerous classes of single men still uncalled up, it is clear that for months to come the position of married men cannot in any way be affected by the introduction or non-introduction of compulsion. Consequently, even if that time be used to frame a scheme for compulsion, it must be evident to every sensible man who does not advocate compulsion for compulsion's sake that there is yet time to go still further into the cases of all men—married and single—who still remain unattested. That time could well be utilized for a further canvass, canvassers being instructed to note carefully and to try to verify the truth of the answers given by the eligibles, or to bring in a

measure to compel all still unattested eligibles to state the reasons for their refusal to answer the national call to the proper authority.

The adoption of one or other of these alternatives would undoubtedly bring in a vast number of the still unattested, and it would certainly, and obviously, provide the Government with valuable information which it does not now possess. Conscription may be necessary in the end; but so far this is not proved, and until it is it would be madness to court possible disaster by introducing a change which is always dangerous in the midst of an acute crisis in the history of a nation. Thanking you in anticipation for the publication of these few lines.—Yours, &c.,

STRATEGIST.

December 28th, 1915.

### "SINGLE MEN FIRST."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The cry has gone forth "Single Men First," and all sorts of threats are being held over their heads at the present time because it is said they have not made an overwhelming response to the cry.

This cry was raised and repeated in a parrot fashion by a section of the Press, and seems to have afterwards been caught up and adopted by the Prime Minister and Lord Derby. Was it given due consideration in all its bearings before it was adopted, and was the single man fairly treated by adopting it?

The only adequate ground for advocating the policy was one of expense. A single man, with no separation allowance, and no pension in case of his death, is cheaper labor and makes less expensive "cannon fodder" than a married man. But when you have said this you have said the most that is possible in favor of such a policy. Necessary as economy may be, especially in face of the reckless expenditure that had been going on in some War Office Departments, the saving of mere money by the use of single men may be outweighed by the points to be made against such a policy. Anyway, it would have been well to have sat down and carefully counted the cost first.

It cannot be seriously contended, except by the wilfully blind, that married men are the only people with responsibilities. There are many single men who have parents to support, people well on in middle life, or invalid brothers and sisters, either of whom are infinitely more dependent than a young married woman, who can, perhaps, live with her parents in her husband's absence, or, in many cases, earn her own living. Single men are not inclined to leave such dependents to the tender mercies of War Office red tape; most of them have already heard of too many instances of harsh cast-iron treatment to be willing to do so. The Army, quite naturally, like any other profession, is out to make a success of its business—war, and is none too considerate of any but its own claims.

Regarding quality as a fighter, it is generally admitted that the married man, feeling he has a stake to fight for, his home, wife, and children, is a better soldier than the single man, who feels he is fighting for other people's stakes, and that it is not fair to ask him to do so before he has had an opportunity of obtaining for himself what he is called upon to fight for for others.

Perhaps the most weighty argument against single men first is the racial one. After the war children will occupy a very important place as a national asset. It is only logic to suppose that the capacity for future parenthood is greater among those who are unmarried now than among those who are already married. If you wipe out a large proportion of the young manhood of the nation, a time will come when the race will be in a very feeble state and will consist only of middle-aged and old people on the one hand, and a young and immature generation on the other. Is it wise to expose the potential heads of future families to danger before the men who have already contributed toward the future of the race?

Finally, with regard to the Premier's pledge, it seems to be admitted that he made it on his own responsibility. In ordinary political matters this might be allowable, because those who differed from him and were affected by the pledge could express their opinion when next an election



came; but in the present circumstances, where the pledge involves the lives of a section of the community, it is as well that it should be generally understood that even the Prime Minister cannot do this without the consent, previously obtained, of the people concerned.—Yours, &c.,

L. T. N. NASH.

3, Talbot Road, Bournemouth.

December 30th, 1915.

### APPROACHES TO PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All the belligerents in this war profess the same object—security. Far from leading us to peace, however, this identity of aim sums up our sharpest differences. Each side, while war lasts, hopes for security through the destruction of the other's military force. Each side, when the settlement comes, will endeavor, so far as his surviving power avails, to attain security by weakening the enemy. We differ among ourselves as to the kind and degree of weakening which we desire to inflict on him, and so do the Germans. Some would crush, partition, and destroy. Others would take from him everything that seems superfluous—his navy, his colonies, his wealth—while leaving his independence and his home territory intact. Sane people are content with a negative aim; they would not lame him or humiliate him, but they would deny him any gain, and any increase of opportunity or power. These gradations of purpose are to be found on both sides, and allowing for differences of temperament, they all betray the same thought: "We cannot be safe, if our enemy is strong; we shall be weakened, if he is strengthened; his gain must be our loss."

Security is the true aim. It is possible, however, that we are seeking it by means that are much too simple. The only application of this common idea that would be quite logical would be to disarm our enemy, thoroughly and permanently. Few propose this; partly because we lack the power, partly because history shows that disarmament can usually be evaded, and partly because we dare not claim for ourselves the flawless justice which alone would make our resulting omnipotence tolerable. By this line of action we can hope only for half-measures, and a partial or temporary security. We may weaken the enemy for ten or twenty years, but the more we weaken him the heavier will our own sacrifices be. The more one contemplates this difficulty and the compromises to which it must lead, the more insistent grows the question whether we have understood the conditions of security at all. Complete success on these lines would leave the enemy nothing to fight with. There is another way of reaching security. It is to leave nothing to fight about.

We are far enough to-day from the events of July, 1914, to take a broad view of the causes of the war. The deep cause of the war was not the Serajevo murders nor the bullying Austrian ultimatum, nor the risky Russian mobilization nor the reckless German answer to it. If we ask why all the Powers were ranged in alliances which foresaw and prepared this conflict, it is not a complete answer to say that they were governed by mutual fears and suspicions. All of them cherished aims, mostly legitimate in themselves, which could be realized only by war. Alliances were made for defence, but each Power intended, if ever it should be required to fight in self-defence, to seize the opportunity to realize its positive aims. The opportunity came in due course; every Power claimed to be fighting in self-defence, and every Power pursued its long-deferred hopes. We lived in a Europe which had no organization capable of bringing about large changes without war. The need of changes is the true cause of our war. The chief of these positive aims are, of course, the German ambition for colonial expansion, the South Slav and Italian demands for racial unification at Austria's expense, the French hope of the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, and the traditional Russian desire for Constantinople. Broadly, all of these aims on our side (except the last) were applications of the principle of nationality. On the German side was the demand of a growing, vigorous, highly-organized, ambitious people for economic expansion which would correspond to its relative industrial development.

If these were the true causes of the war, it seems to follow that the future security of Europe will depend on the extent to which all of them are realized. No one imagines that if the Serbs fail to-day to realize in some sense their racial freedom, they will, after their superb demonstration of vitality, abandon their great ambition. They will wait for the next chance, and it is the business of statesmen to make chances. Whatever the Germans may suffer or lose, their real assets will remain—their science, discipline, diffused education, and teeming productivity. They will still ask why they alone of the greater European peoples should be excluded from any proportionate share in the development of other continents. Why, to be concrete, if France has already Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco, must she have Syria also? Why, if we have India, Burmah, South Persia, and Egypt, must we also acquire Mesopotamia? Such questions, I confess, stir no sympathy in me, for I am apt to regard all modern Imperialism askance. But the ruling classes of the Great Powers cannot adopt that attitude. They consider this expansion desirable, and even necessary; they will go to war to attain it or retain it. The German ambition to expand in the Near East is, by the world's current standards, as legitimate as the Entente's present or recent ambitions in Morocco, Persia, Egypt, Tripoli, Manchuria, and Korea. Failing some general movement towards Free Trade and the internationalization of opportunity, we must reckon this German ambition for economic expansion as a permanent force. It will survive unless Germany is crushed, and recur when she recovers. It will continue to press for change. It will menace the world's security.

I will venture to draw the conclusion from these premises. It is that on a long view the world's security and our security (for we no longer stand alone) depends very little on the momentary balance of power which may be set up by fighting. It depends on the degree in which all these demands for changes are satisfied. Two solutions would be bad, for they would contain the seeds of future armaments and future wars—a victory which left either side angry and dissatisfied, or a deadlock which impartially frustrated every hope. A sullen deadlock might mean that each side used up its remaining resources to veto every demand from its enemy. One may, however, conceive another type of settlement resulting from a war in which there is neither conquered nor conqueror. I mean a settlement in which each side, thinking honestly of the world's future security, set itself the task, not merely of realizing its own aims, but of meeting every claim of the enemy consistent with the world's good. A patriotic Englishman would wish, if it were possible, to secure every one of the Entente's claims for nationality, but he would augur ill for the world's future, unless Germany's economic ambition was in some measures satisfied also. That tremendous energy must find its outlet. If it cannot make rails for Baghdad, it will make cannon at Essen. The great problem for the world's statesmanship is to find for it a channel in which it may flow without devastating floods. Given anything resembling a deadlock, it seems to follow that the more we are ready to concede to it, the more by the normal process of barter shall we secure for ourselves.

The formula which emerges from these premises is one of exchange. Let us state our national claims reasonably high, and give in return a generous satisfaction to Germany's economic demands. The first of these demands, I take it, is for economic expansion in Turkey, and the second, perhaps, for a general system of colonial free trade. Let us also, following the idea of exchange, ask for guarantees against "militarism" and the adoption of a permanent scheme of conciliation, prepared on our side to limit our own "navalism." On one condition, it seems to me, we may hope for a solution of the Alsatian, Serbian, and Polish (and, of course, Belgian) problems, on lines of nationality. It is that we consent to ratify and accept German predominance, political and economic, in Turkey. That is a fate which the Turks have chosen for themselves; some might call it a just punishment for their past. It would involve the free use of certain Balkan railways and ports, but it need not mean the subjection of the Balkan peoples. It seems to me difficult to argue that a German Turkey would be a graver menace to the

world's liberty than a British India. The chief menace to the world's liberty is to-day an unsatisfied Germany, complaining incessantly that she is constricted and penned in, and passing readily from complaints to acts. My thesis may seem doubtful. Let those who doubt it answer the question, Can any peace endure which leaves behind it legitimate ambitions thwarted?—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Harmer Green, Welwyn.

[The security of Europe was, in our view, chiefly and primarily menaced by the Power that maintained the greatest organization ever created for destroying it. That fact cannot be disregarded in the process of re-attaining a stable society.—ED., THE NATION.]

#### SHAKESPEARE'S LEGAL VOCABULARY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have just met with the review, in your issue dated November 13th, of Mr. Greenwood's book on the Shakespeare Problem, in which certain strictures are passed upon me. Referring to the "legal" vocabulary in the Shakespeare plays, your critic writes:—

"When Mr. Robertson avows the belief that any intelligent man could pick up this vocabulary, as it were, in the streets, he delivers himself into the enemy's hand. When he quotes from Greene a passage about the 'recovery' of a debt as a parallel to Shakespeare's reference to a 'fine and recovery,' he puts himself on a level with the index-maker who wrote on 'Mill on Liberty and ditto on the Floss.'"

It seems brutal to cancel this pretty piece of wit; but the statement is sheer hallucination. There is not the remotest suggestion in my book that the non-technical term "recovery" is a parallel to the technical term "fine and recovery." Till I read your reviewer's pronouncement it had never dawned on me that such an inference could be drawn. The passage from Greene was avowedly cited as showing "another lady" talking in the legal vein which Campbell declared to be proof of the author's "legal acquirements" when put in a woman's dialogue by Shakespeare. In the passage cited by Campbell several words are italicized, some of them occurring thousands of times in Elizabethan drama and ordinary literature. In the passage cited by me from Greene no words whatever are italicized. In later passages the common terms italicized by Campbell are freely paralleled. Your reviewer has raised an imaginary issue, and has thus wholly ignored the one really raised at this particular point. On his and Campbell's principles Greene was a trained lawyer if Shakespeare was.

When he further argues that the dispute is as between "the verdict of a quire of Chancery lawyers" and the argument that "other Elizabethan dramatists have a liking for the use of legal terms"—which he declares to be mostly from the Common Law Courts, and inaccurately used—he is again raising an unreal issue. Other dramatists use more legal terms than occur in the Shakespeare plays; they are not limited to Common Law terms, even as Shakespeare's are emphatically not drawn merely from the Chancery Courts. Jonson, in particular, has a far wider range of legal allusion than Shakespeare; and if he is more inaccurate (Shakespeare is admittedly so), it should have been Campbell's business to show as much. He has never even glanced at the problem.

The phrase about "picking up this vocabulary in the street" is a mere blurring of the issue. I showed that Shakespeare could "pick up" a lot of it in the family lawsuits, as well as in the Courts, then so commonly frequented. Other dramatists "picked up" their legal vocabulary, I suppose, in various ways. Even Mr. Greenwood expressly argues that a lay dramatist bent on writing a "legal" play could "get up" the vocabulary if he wanted to.

I may add that I have known a number of lawyers who pronounce the whole Campbell case to be moonshine. And one such "quire," surely, is as good as another.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. ROBERTSON.

House of Commons. December 23rd, 1915.

[We are again compelled to hold over a number of important letters.—ED., THE NATION.]

#### Poetry.

##### TO A LADY WHO LOST HER SON IN THE WAR.

Two things are left now that, a little while  
Before the war came, looked like happiness:  
And one was nothing but a hawthorn tree  
Shining like crystal in its Exmoor glen;  
The other was your boy's intrepid smile,  
As I last saw it among streets and men—  
Boyish, perhaps, but wise, and whimsical:  
As if he knew how soon, how suddenly,  
Men's troubles come—yet, none the less,  
Made much of life, dull moods, grey days and all.

And now that care has come which we cannot  
Put off, by any humor, night or day—  
Since, if we did, care's cause would be forgot—  
What can we do, we lingerers, that stay  
In crowded streets, or in deserted rooms  
Whose windows multiply their glooms,  
But make much of those things that seemed, and were,  
So natural when we were happier?

You know how late upon the moors the thorn  
Comes into blossom in the wilder glens?—  
This thorn tree, when we found it, could have worn  
Its garlands but a day—so crystal-white  
The creature stood, delighting in the sun;  
Drinking the air, holding the morning light  
Like so much water in its glittering lens—  
And bidding the blue sky—"Come down to earth!"  
And the brown glen—"Exhale in my white mirth!"  
It drew us—while we stood there in the mood  
Of them who think of towns in solitude—  
Out of ourselves, till even our shadows shone,  
And in one moorland moment, yesterday  
And what we feared to-morrow died away  
In the tree's fragrant constellation.

Think, then, how every day we watched the skies  
As with a moorman's or haymaker's eyes,  
Afraid of sea-winds with their cold caress  
To strip the maiden of her loveliness;  
Until one night we saw the wind-dog's brood,  
And the moor change its mood;  
The next saw all the creature's flowery mirth  
Beaten, like mould and sheepcast, to the earth—  
And we forgot it—and its timeless powers,  
As is the way with flowers.

But when the war came, and the wintry dark  
And death behind them, made us hark  
For every knock upon the door—  
And when we turned to look for happiness  
Where we had found its creatures long before;  
Asking if heaven for ever lay behind?  
Oh, then it was—it might be centuries  
Away and in the shadow of the mind—  
We saw again the shining of the Tree;  
And now its crystal petals, fair and frail  
And perishable, only born to go  
Again into the wastage of the glen,  
Seemed like the smiling faces of young men,  
Who march out to the trenches that they know  
Mean death; yet—yet they are not afraid,  
And give their spirit of youth up fearlessly.

Now, when their requiem is played,  
What dare we say, since there is none can cure  
Death? Only this: if we take what they have given—  
And given for us with all their might—  
Who had upon their grimy brows the bright  
Gleam of the warless days of liberty—  
Then we are part with them, and they endure,  
And what they were is part now of that heaven  
Which can with love—the mother's for the son,  
The son's for his dear England upon earth—  
And with the smile that sorrow stole from mirth,  
Turn memory to imagination,  
And give a moment immortality.

ERNEST REYS.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A Book of Belgium's Gratitude." By Belgian Writers and Artists. (Lane. 5s.)  
 "The Unity of Western Civilization." Edited by S. F. Marvin. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Spoon River Anthology." By Edgar Lee Masters. (Laurie. 6s. net.)  
 "The Greatest of Literary Problems: the Authorship of the Shakespeare Works." By J. P. Baxter. (Constable. 21s. net.)  
 "An Irishwoman in China." By Mrs. de Burgh Daly. (Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)

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"THERE is a Sardanapalitan excess," says J. H. Burton, in "The Book-Hunter," "in the bibliographical luxuriousness which refuses to partake with other vulgar mortals in the common harvest of the public Press," and restricts itself to that "very appalling type of bibliomania," the privately-printed book. I was reminded of the condemnation when I read an announcement from Mr. John Masefield that he intends issuing, "at intervals during the next three months to subscribers only," a number of his books of which an edition of only 200 sets will be printed. These books are "Sonnets and Poems," two plays in prose—"The Locked Chest" and "The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight"—a play in verse called "Good Friday," and "Personal Recollections of John M. Synge." This is not exactly private publication, for anybody who has promptness and a guinea can secure Mr. Masefield's volumes. Yet it is far from satisfactory, since a reader who wants only one of the books is under the necessity of subscribing for them all, and Mr. Masefield's place in the world of books makes it practically certain that the demand will exceed the supply. I have more sympathy with Mr. A. L. Reade, whose book, "The Mellards and their Descendants," has just been privately printed at the Arden Press. Unlike the same author's "Johnsonian Gleanings," it is mainly of family interest, and the only reason why it might appeal to the outside public is that it contains a biography of Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

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PRIVATELY-PRINTED books, like other things both better and worse, owe their introduction into this country to an archbishop. Mr. Mumby, in his "The Romance of Book-selling," tells us that Parker's "De Antiquitate Ecclesie Britannicæ," printed in 1572 on the Archbishop's press at Lambeth, was the first privately-printed book ever issued in this country. For the ordinary reader who does not specialize in these matters, greater interest belongs to Horace Walpole and his press at Strawberry Hill. "I am turned printer," he wrote in 1757, "and have converted a little cottage into a printing-office." And a little later in the same year, writing to Lady Hervey about some letters of Ninon de l'Enclos that had been promised him, he says:—"Don't wonder, madam, at my eagerness: besides a good quantity of natural impatience, I am now interested as an editor and printer. Think what pride it would give me to print original letters of Ninon at Strawberry Hill!" Walpole never felt that pride, but the press that produced the first edition of Gray's "Odes" has a claim to be remembered in the world of books.

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By far the fullest account of books restricted to the friends of their authors, or to a limited circle of subscribers, is the late Mr. Bertram Dobell's "Catalogue of Books Printed for Private Circulation," which occupied a large part of its compiler's time for nearly twenty years. To turn over its pages is to come upon title after title of books which one would like to possess. One opens it at hazard and lights upon "The Hubble-Shue," by Miss Carstairs. Curiosity about its contents is only whetted by Mr. Dobell's note:—

"This very curious production was edited by Mr. Maidment, who only printed thirty copies of it. It is, perhaps, without exception the most curious attempt at

dramatic composition ever written. The only pieces with which it can be compared are 'Hurllothumbo' and 'The Blazing Comet,' by the mad dancing-master, Samuel Johnson. Even these works, extravagant as they are, are not quite so chaotic and void of all congruity as 'The Hubble-Shue.' The authoress, of whom few particulars have been preserved, appears to have been a governess. She was also the authoress of an almost equally curious volume of 'Poems,' which was also reprinted by Mr. Maidment for private circulation."

"Hurllothumbo" and "The Hubble-Shue" seem to have claims upon our attention.

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In some cases the first editions of books were printed for private circulation, and the books afterwards published in the ordinary way. The "Letters and Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough," George Darley's "Poems," R. W. Dixon's volumes of verse, R. S. Hawker's "The Quest of the Sangraal" and "Aurora," and Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections of Past Life" are examples to be found in Mr. Dobell's catalogue. Sometimes books that would seem entitled to wide notice do not appear to have been issued to the public. Such are Mrs. E. H. Mair's "Recollections of the Past," which has a good deal to say about Scott, Campbell, Mrs. Siddons, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and other celebrities of the early nineteenth century; H. N. Pym's "A Tour Round my Bookshelves," a book which Mr. Dobell describes as one of the special treasures of his collection, and which contains, among other letters, one in which Mrs. Carlyle "sums-up her very unfavorable impression of the character of Emerson"; and W. J. Linton's biography of James Watson, which is a valuable contribution to the history of the Chartist movement. Possibly some of these books may have since been published in the ordinary way, but, at all events, they are not easy to procure.

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MEMOIRS, poetry, and accounts of travel form the bulk of privately-printed books. There is another class which, like "The Hubble-Shue," deserves the attention of those who like to stray into the bypaths of literature. "The Florence Miscellany," a collection of poems written by Mrs. Piozzi, Robert Merry, Greathed, and the other writers ridiculed by Gifford in "The Baviad," had become so scarce, even in the eighteenth century, that when Mrs. Piozzi lost her own copy she could not procure another. French's "Inquiry into the Origin of the Waverley Novels" maintains the theory that "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," and "The Heart of Midlothian" were written by Thomas Scott, Sir Walter's younger brother, but edited and revised by their accepted author. Readers of Lockhart's "Life" will remember that Scott wrote to this brother, recommending him to write novels. "Send me a novel, intermixing your exuberant and natural humor with any incidents and descriptions of scenery you may see—particularly with characters and traits of manners. I will give it all the cobbling that is necessary, and, if you do but exert yourself, I have not the least doubt it will be worth £500. You have more fun and descriptive talent than most people; and all that you want—i.e., the mere practice of composition—I can supply, or the devil's in it."

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ODDLY enough, publishers themselves, though one would have fancied them to be the sworn foes of privately-printed books, have sometimes added to the number. Mr. Dobell thinks it strange that George Bentley's "After Business," a collection of literary essays, was never given to the public. Other publishers who have been equally guilty are Bohn, Dr. Robert Chambers, and Edward Moxon. Modesty may have been the compelling cause with Chambers and Moxon. Both were poets as well as publishers, and Mr. Dobell's comment on Moxon's "Sonnets" is that they "are very good—at least they are very good for a publisher." "But," he adds, "it is unfair to sneer at Moxon, who was, indeed, a pearl of publishers, if no great poet." And two years after Mr. Dobell's catalogue was published, there appeared a volume of "Letters of Alexander Macmillan," edited with an Introduction by his son, with the familiar name on the title-page replaced by the words, "Printed for Private Circulation."

PENGUIN.



## Reviews.

### PAPA GOLDONI.

"Goldoni: A Biography." By H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, Litt.D. With 16 illustrations from paintings by Pietro and Alessandro Longhi. (Chatto & Windus. 16s. net.)

THERE is an irony of fate that not rarely brings men their chief immortality through what they most strenuously oppose. In Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad" it was Apollyon himself who was appointed engine-driver to the New Pilgrims' train-de-luxe. It was considered that he could be relied upon to know the signals better than anyone else, having been "so long on the line." So, in a measure, with Goldoni, upon whom Dr. Chatfield-Taylor has written, after five years' research, a companion-volume to his "Molière." As may be understood, there is nothing like the same difficulty regarding Goldoni as there was with Molière. Nor, perhaps, are there quite the same honors to the biographer, though this book is a most rich and charming one, delightful to read for many reasons. It comes to this. Molière was a great world-genius, of whose inner life we know next to nothing. Goldoni is a very different affair. He is all there for anybody to understand. He was a brilliantly clever, industrious, versatile, prolific Venetian dramatist, whose every thought and deed and attribute have been common knowledge ever since he wrote his own exhaustive and highly-entertaining autobiography. He was a bright, plump, Pepsyan personality, chatty and gay, a provincial bourgeois (from the Tuscan point of view), very fussy and snobbish when he found himself made a pet of at Versailles, discovering even in Louis XVI. "the nicest king I ever met." He was continually falling in love with soubrettes, and not by any means faithful to his patient and forgiving helpmeet. He was incapable of tragedy, either in his own life or on the stage, though he tried his hand at it there, very much in vain. His career was not, of course, without plenty of struggles, disappointments, adventures, grievances; but he was blest with a merry heart that went all the day in spite of them. Altogether, a comparatively commonplace personality—one which, if it had been in a more commonplace setting, might quite possibly have never called for a whole literature to have grown up around it.

One can see clearly that Dr. Chatfield-Taylor has been troubled by this vital difference between the sad and mysterious Molière, with his tragic life and matchless humor, his universal insight and grace, and the exuberant Venetian jack-of-all-trades, "Papa" Goldoni, who, in all his hundred-and-seventy-three plays and ninety-four librettos never once managed to touch the deeper passions or achieve a universal creation of any great human importance. All through the book Dr. Chatfield-Taylor strives to throw off the duty (imposed upon him, it seems, by Chevalier Guido Sabetta, then Italian consul at Chicago) of treating Goldoni as "the Molière of Italy." Dr. Taylor labors really more than he need have done from his readers' point of view to disown a phrase for which they were not responsible. He reiterates that Goldoni was not "the Molière of Italy" in any other sense than that he was a local champion of pure comedy, that he admired, and tried hard to imitate, Molière as its master, and to reform the Italian, or at any rate the Venetian, stage in accordance with this ideal. In their art as well as their personalities the two men cannot be put even side by side. Goldoni himself said that his own best "was not equal to the worst of Molière." Making due allowance for modesty, he knew what he was saying. Molière has given us a cluster of world-classics which are practically the foundation of all modern comedy, and characters of profound humanity, as true to-day as they were when they were created, and true not for France only, but for the whole civilized world. Where are Goldoni's world-classics? There is only one play of his which may be described as universal—namely, "La Locandiera," which has been translated thirty times, and into thirteen different languages. It is, indeed, a charming little play. We all remember the exquisite grace that Eleanore Duse put into the part of the landlady of the inn, who won over the woman-hating "gentleman

in the parlor." A very slight but quite pleasant comedy of the "She-Stoops-to-Conquer" type! Indeed, some of us have wondered why it should not have been turned before now to comic-opera uses, a purpose for which it would be eminently suited. But to set Goldoni level with Molière on the strength of "La Locandiera" or of that very artificial intrigue, "Il Ventaglio" ("The Fan"), which has been performed several times in America, is to make both ridiculous.

Conscious of this, Dr. Chatfield-Taylor gives over any further effort to assert Goldoni as a world-dramatist. Molière belongs to the world; Goldoni belongs to Italy—or, rather in a very special way, to his own Venice. Dr. Taylor confesses that all the host of tragedies, operas, comedies in Tuscan verse and prose, the aristocratic comedies and exotic comedies and literary comedies that Goldoni turned out with such astonishing fecundity (he once wrote and rehearsed sixteen comedies in a year), are not to be compared in value with the dialect-comedies that he wrote of and for his own Venetian people—in particular "I Rusteghi" ("The Boors") and "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte" ("The Chioggian Brawls"). Of these, the one is a wholesome satire upon the household tyranny of the puritanical middle-class Venetian fathers—a kind of "Younger Generation" of eighteenth-century Venice, and the other a melodramatic farce, showing forth with frank but sympathetic gusto the life and speech of the humble folk of the little fishing-town of Chioggia on the lagoon. Both of these two plays were studies in Venetian *genre*, to be relished to the full only by Venetians. Their arrival, amidst the affected artificialities of the literary drama and the vulgarized conventions of the then-decadent "Commedia dell'Arte" in the popular theatres, was just one of those periodical returns to the truthful picturing of contemporary common-life which are always happening in stage-history—as, for instance, in the case of some of our own Mancunian and Irish plays. Important as it is, *genre* has, by its very nature, a limited and superficial art value. It is local. In anything apart from Venetian *genre*, Goldoni does not seem to have been very much more than a copious, clever, and imitative dramaturge. He was shallow. He had not a great mind or a great creative imagination. He did not probe the recesses of the human heart. As even Dr. Chatfield-Taylor is constrained to admit, he "will never make us ponder"; he was "not a great philosopher."

On the other hand, there are reasons why Goldoni, with all his limitations, is worthy of this sumptuous volume and of all that has been written about him. One is that he was intensely representative of the Venice of his day, with all its many-colored life, opalescent (like its own waters) in decay, its gaiety and squalors, its ostentation and weakness, its titled prodigals and bourgeois Puritans. The other was that he did his best to kill the "Commedia dell'Arte." In the irony of things, his name will for ever be connected in this way with the old "Impromptu Comedy," though he fought against it with every weapon he could find. He failed, it will be remembered, being undoubtedly defeated in that long duel with Carlo Gozzi, its equally famous upholder. Indeed, during his honored exile at the French Court as Italian tutor to unsanctioned princesses and playwright-ordinary to the Italian comedians in Paris, Goldoni had perforce to pose as the "Commedia's" own ambassador. It is probably far more because of all this than for any original work of Goldoni's that nine out of ten present-day English readers will turn to Dr. Taylor's "Life," where they will find, as it happens, an excellent chapter upon the "Commedia" itself. There has been a great vogue in the "Commedia" recently—especially in England and America—thanks largely to Mr. Gordon Craig's enthusiasm. One may realize most certainly that Goldoni was right in his time and place. Like all popular conventions, the "Commedia" had grown, after two centuries, dull and degraded. The "Impromptu Comedy" was well enough so long as it was still the unexplained miracle it is credited with having been. It was well enough so long as the actors themselves were men of genius, so long as the impromptu dialogue—whose value we only know by testimony—was really witty, really spontaneous, really better than anything that could have been written by a playwright at his leisure. In Goldoni's day, however, that was evidently not so. The

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"Commedia" had become, according to Alessandro Tassoni, "little else but a shameful school of unchastity and deceit." Tommaso Garzoni wrote in similar vein:—

"The magnifico is not worth a copper; the zany is a goose; the graziano sputters his words; the stupid go-between is tiresome; the lover waves his arms madly with every speech he utters; the Spanish villain offers nothing to the entertainment unless it be 'mi vida' and 'mi corazon'; the pedant shies at Tuscan words continually; the burattino's only gesture is to put on or take off his cap; while the leading lady, stupid above all in her diction, dull in her elocution, drowsy in her gestures, is a perpetual foe of the graces, and holds a mortal enmity to beauty!"

In a word, it seems to have sunk to something very little better than what was to be expected from uneducated minds of a class corresponding to that of our own strolling players of the "palmy days." In place of this empty fustian and vulgarity Goldoni offered a genuine popular drama, decent, orderly, carefully-written, representing popular life as it was lived. He succeeded up to a point, until the conservatism and imagination of Carlo Gozzi re-clothed the old "Commedia" with fancy, and gave it a new lease of life that sent Goldoni away to Paris never to return.

Though Goldoni was, doubtless, right enough, the fact remains that the "Commedia dell'Arte," taking its whole history together, was greater than he. Its memory is still that of the national popular drama of Italy. It has given far more to the world's drama than Goldoni ever did. Its characters crowded into Shakespeare and Molière—not to mention Goldoni's own comedies. They still recur not only in the externals of every harlequinade, but in the cast of any present-day melodrama—Harlequin, the leading man; Columbine, the soubrette; Pantaloon, the heavy father; Isabel, the *ingénue*; Pedrolino, or Pierrot, the dupe; Captain Spavento, the villain. Probably, of course, this is not because they ever took part in the Italian "Commedia," but just because they are the ultimate essentials of any drama that has to do with a domestic love-affair. Possibly, as Dr. Winifred Smith has suggested in her excellent book, the "Commedia" actually represented the whittling down of written comedy in the hands of illiterates, the impromptu part being largely composed of a more-or-less-memorized hotch-potch of originally-written dialogue, expanded on the spur of the moment. To the present writer, however, it has always seemed that the "Impromptu Comedy" may rather have developed from dumb-show. This was undoubtedly the craft of the original Zanies. It thrived in England under manager Rich. To it the present-day mime has returned. In this way the dialogue might have been in no sense obligatory, but might have arrived first with an inadvertent gag or two. Even later on, it might have been always easily replaced by mimicry whenever there was any "drying-up," as there must often have been. In any case, the genius of Goldoni hardly fascinates us so much to-day as the old wonder of that very "Commedia" which he tried to exterminate. Though it is dead in fact, even in its own country, its tradition remains the universal and immortal and typically racial glory of the Italian comic stage. Its myriad unknown authors comprise together, as one might say, a "Molière of Italy" to which the Molière of France most certainly owed an incalculable deal.

#### ANYTHING BUT HISTORY.

"The Germans in England, 1066-1598." With Map of the Hanseatic League. By IAN D. COLVIN. ("The National Review" Office. 5s.)

ONE of the first lessons which the genuine student of history has painfully to learn is that he cannot understand or interpret the past unless he can divest his mind of the present. If he can only regard the eighteenth century through twentieth-century spectacles he will never know what the eighteenth century was like; and if he derives his knowledge of the Middle Ages from sixteenth-century literature he will never understand them. That is why universities, colleges, and schools are beginning to lay stress upon source-books and original documents as indispensable elements in historical education. Mr. Colvin has skipped

the preliminary stages of historical equipment. George Washington remarked that people in general will only see what they feel. Mr. Colvin only sees in the past what he feels in the present. It is not merely one century of English history, but all that he seeks to interpret in terms of current political animosity, partly against the Germans, but more immediately against what he calls the "pro-German and Free Trade Party" in England.

His book begins with the sentence: "That redoubtable Hamburger, Dr. Lappenberg, surmises that German traders came to England before the first German invasion." By "England" he means, presumably, "Britain," and by "German" "Anglo-Saxon"; but the point lies in his comment: "From our knowledge of German method we may regard this as probable." That is to say, a German characteristic of the twentieth century is made the criterion of Anglo-Saxon procedure in the fourth and fifth! Mr. Colvin might as well assume that these "Germans" came in Hamburg-America liners; and we are surprised that he does not call the Anglo-Saxons "Prussians." By some obscure process, which Mr. Colvin ignores, these "Germans" became English, and he finds the key to the whole of their subsequent history in their hostility to other Germans who followed or attempted to follow them. Mr. Colvin will listen to nothing about Anglo-French or Anglo-Spanish or Anglo-Russian enmity. If there is a Hundred Years' War between England and France, it is merely because the Germans provoked an unfortunate family quarrel in their own interests. If there is a Spanish Armada, it is again German intrigue which is at the bottom of the whole business, and the Catholic religion is merely a transparent cloak for German enterprise. Germany has been unalterably throughout the ages the villain of the piece, the enemy of England; and Mr. Colvin has clearly no opinion of Pitt's remark that it is "weak and foolish" to regard any one nation as unalterably the enemy of another.

As with England's enemy, so with England's friends. The present Allies have always been her real friends, however much they may have dissembled their love, or ignorant historians may have failed to detect it beneath the forbidding surface. "The friendship (p. 184) then [1556] struck up between Russian and Englishmen remains traditional to this day, despite the organized hypocrisy of the German and his ally, the German and Russian Jew"—despite, a less ingenuous writer might have added, another Jew, who was neither German nor Russian, but went to Berlin for "peace with honor," and tore up the Treaty of San Stefano. Mr. Colvin is not like the Bourbons, who forgot nothing and learnt nothing; for he has forgotten Ochakov and the Crimea, Pendergast and Batoum, the Dogger Bank incident, and even Kipling's "Truce of the Bear." Similarly Spanish hostility has to be wiped out of English history because there is at present no room in Mr. Colvin's mind for anything but his anti-German obsession. The "inner meaning of the whole reign" (p. 194) of Mary has nothing to do with Spain or Rome, but with the quarrel between the Hanse and the Merchant Adventurers, and Mary herself dies, "a poor, lonely, heart-broken monument" to the Anglo-German alliance. So we are told that she "leant on the Emperor," as if her husband had no connection with Philip of Spain (p. 196), and Queen Elizabeth's popularity is ascribed to the entirely imaginary fact that "she drove out the Germans" (p. 197). French relations with England are subject to similar editing; and Margaret of Anjou, who was hated because she was French, appears to Mr. Colvin's heated imagination as the leader of a "pro-German" party. Nor is anything said of the Italians, whose unpopularity provoked the famous evil May-Day riots.

Mr. Colvin's history is, in fact, the stuff which passes as such in the editorial columns of the "Morning Post" and the pages of the "National Review." We are told that Matilda returned to England "in 1126 to lead the party in revolt against Stephen"—nine years before Stephen came to the throne; and that Henry III. succeeded "in 1219"; while Matthew Paris, who died in 1259, is quoted as an authority on the death of Simon de Montfort in 1265 (p. 30). Knowing nothing of feudal aids, Mr. Colvin represents the normal grant to Henry I. on his daughter's marriage with the Emperor as a special exaction from the English taxpayer (p. 9); and being equally innocent with regard to the



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history of English taxation, he ascribes to Edward IV.'s "free-trade and pro-German" policy, and to the consequent decay of English towns, a rebate of £6,000 in 1482, which had been customary for fifty years, and had nothing whatever to do with the Germans or their trade (p. 129). Perkin Warbeck is described as "probably a German or a Flemish Jew" (p. 137) for absolutely no other reasons than that he gave England some trouble and Mr. Colvin has Germans and Jews on the brain. Stephen Gardiner (p. 186) is called an "Archbishop" and "that Vicar of Bray" who "had distinguished himself by opposing the divorce" of Catherine of Aragon; he was never archbishop, he had not opposed the divorce, and he had been four years in the Tower for conscience' sake. On p. 194 there is a reference to Dr. Nicholas Wotton, dean both of Canterbury and of York, and the foremost English diplomatist of his time, whom Queen Elizabeth wished to make Archbishop of Canterbury in 1559; Mr. Colvin, never having previously heard of him, conjectures that this person was "probably the secretary of the Merchant Adventurers' Company." Some one has provided Mr. Colvin with references to Dean Burgon's well-known "Life and Times of Gresham," apparently with a slighting comment, and the comment becomes (p. 198 n.) the title of the book, which is solemnly cited (in italics) as "The Unsuspecting Burgon, vol. i., p. 337." On p. 191 Mr. Colvin has discovered from the Privy Council Register that ambassadors from the Hanse appeared before the Council "on March 23rd, 1555." He sapiently remarks that the date "may well be a misprint for 1556." How misprints occur in a manuscript register he does not explain, but if he had looked at a few pages of the printed version he would have discovered that the preceding entries are all dated "March, 1555," and the succeeding entry "March 25th, 1556"; and if he knew anything of the history of the Calendar he would be aware that the new year then began on the 25th. It is not surprising that under these circumstances Mr. Colvin should have discovered a mass of historical truth concealed from the eyes of all preceding historians, or that he should expect the reader, after perusing his learned pages, to "rub his eyes" (p. 217) on consulting James Anthony Froude (p. 217). But it is surely somewhat naive to attribute the discrepancies to the superior learning of a work "written in a few months in the intervals of my daily work" (p. vii.).

Mr. Colvin is not only lacking in technical equipment, but he has not the haziest notion of the subjects about which he is writing. Germany and Free Trade are his pet aversions; but throughout he uses those terms as though they meant in the Middle Ages what they do in the twentieth century, and he writes unmitigated nonsense about Simon de Montfort leading "the German party in England," and dying, like Warwick, the king-maker, "by German conspiracy" (pp. xviii., xxix.), about "Joseph Chamberlain, like Warwick," dying "in a vain attempt to fortify England against the German danger," and Lord Roberts falling "like de Montfort in the field against the German power" (p. 231); about Richard II. being a good patriot, while John of Gaunt led "the German and Free Trade Party" (p. 71), and his great-grandson, Henry VI., was completely under the control of the Free Trade Party" (p. 104). "Time-honored Lancaster" is always John of Ghent in these pages, to make him look pro-German! In reality, there was no such entity as Germany in the Middle Ages, and no conception of Free Trade, let alone a Free Trade Party. No one can understand medieval economic history unless he knows that commercial relations were intermunicipal and not international at all; and the Hanseatic League, about which Mr. Colvin is so excited, was a cosmopolitan league of municipalities comprehending half-a-dozen nationalities. When Mr. Colvin writes of the German Empire (p. 4) he means the Holy Roman Empire, which knew nothing of nationality, and to which an Englishman or a Spaniard was no more an alien than a German. Nor was Free Trade the matter in dispute between the Hanse and the Merchant Adventurers. The commercial privilege which the Hanse valued and the Merchant Adventurers disputed was not Free Trade, but the monopoly of export to the Hansa cities, which their rivals coveted. No one thought or talked about Free Trade until the "interlopers" of the seventeenth century broke down the chartered companies of monopolists who organized the trade of earlier periods; and the Merchant Adventurers

were themselves in the same position in the Netherlands as the Hanse in England. Nor did "Elizabeth drive the Germans out of England," as Mr. Colvin describes what he regards as her great national achievement. She merely revoked the monopoly of export to Germany which the Hanse merchants had enjoyed, and granted it—much to the disgust of other English merchants—to the Merchant Adventurers. Mr. Colvin's pages may have been appropriate to their original purpose and surroundings as a journalistic stimulant to the passion of war and to the boycott of German commerce in time of peace; they are merely comic as a history.

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"Stendhal on Love." Translated by PHILIP SIDNEY WOOLF and CECIL N. SIDNEY WOOLF. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN 1822 a treatise on love appeared in Paris under the pseudonym of de Stendhal. The subject was of universal attraction, the author a man of genius, and the work in his own estimation his most important contribution to literature. Yet "De l'Amour" fell completely flat, and of the first edition only seventeen copies were sold. Failures like this are commonplaces in the lives of remarkable men, and Beyle, like Samuel Butler, consoled himself with the compliments of posterity. "On me lira," he was fond of saying, "vers 1880." Sure enough the 'eighties witnessed the rise of an enthusiastic group of Beyleistes; the Style Stendhalien spread itself only too thoroughly throughout contemporary fiction; and leaders of schools so opposed as Paul Bourget and Emile Zola, united in declaring Henri Beyle the foremost literary influence of the day.

In England Stendhal has been little known. "Le Rouge et le Noir" and "La Chartreuse de Parme" have had some few but fervent admirers, and now for the first time a version of "De l'Amour" appears in English dress. There may be more of the genuine flame in a page of the novels than in the whole of the treatise; but the subject is one to which the author brought a ripe and remarkable experience. Stendhal's life was dominated by two passions: love and war. To these apparently diverse exercises he brought precisely identical qualities. Energy, coolness, audacity characterized his conduct on the battlefield; energy, coolness, audacity guided his policy in the drawing-room. To Stendhal the peculiar value of love lay in its profound possibilities of exciting heroism. Like Zarathustra, whose creed he singularly foreshadowed, the secret of happiness was in living dangerously. "L'Amour est une fleur délicieuse, mais il faut avoir le courage d'aller la cueillir sur les bords d'un précipice affreux," he writes. "Les plaisirs de l'amour sont toujours en proportion de la crainte." So Julien Sorel, the sinister and fascinating hero of "Le Rouge et le Noir," conducts his campaign of seduction under a self-imposed discipline of terror. One evening, as he and Madame de Rênal and a friend are sitting chatting under the lime trees, the young tutor conceives it to be his "devoir" to hold the hand of his employer's wife. In his mortal terror every other danger seems preferable: "Il l'observait comme un ennemi avec lequel il va falloir se battre." He triumphs; and falls to sleep that night exhausted, but sustained by one idea: "Il a fait son devoir et un devoir héroïque."

The treatise on love, unequal, often irritating, and as tiresome to read through as are all fragmentary and desultory collections, is, nevertheless, an exceedingly curious book. As Spinoza imprisoned the Passions into the rigid formulæ of geometry, so Stendhal freezes his burning theme into the hard precision of a legal document. His literary model, paragraphs of which he read every morning before breakfast "pour prendre le ton," as he says, was the Code Napoléon. Fine writing, artistry, the canons of the Romantic School, were his detestation. "Je fais tous les efforts possible d'être sec," he writes; and usually he succeeds. But now and again the sensibility which made him the most impassioned and often the most agonized of lovers, melts the hard ice of his official style: "Je tremble toujours de n'avoir écrit qu'un soupir, quand je crois avoir noté un vérité."

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famous theory of crystallization. We give the extract in Messrs. Woolf's translation:—

"In the salt mines of Salzburg a branch stripped of its leaves by winter is thrown into the abandoned depths of the mine; taken out two or three months later, it is covered with brilliant crystals; the smaller twigs, those no stouter than the legs of a sparrow, are arrayed with an infinity of sparkling, dazzling diamonds; it is impossible to recognize the original branch."

Crystallization in the mind is the work of love. From its transfiguring power springs the exquisite but perilous illusion of human perfection. It is responsible for the most tragic blunders as well as the most celestial joys. It gives to Titania Bottom, and to Dante Beatrice. Crystallization lends to love its fanatical and self-deceiving faith:—

"When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies."

So, in the story told by Stendhal, *Mlle. de Sommery*, when caught in *flagrante delicto*, silenced her lover by saying, "Very well, I see that you do not love me any more. You believe what you see rather than what I tell you." It is crystallization that associates with the beloved all that is beautiful in nature or art: "A lover sees his mistress in every landscape . . . each tree and each rock speaks of her and tells him something new and different." "Music, when it is perfect, puts the heart into the same state as it enjoys in the presence of the loved one—that is to say, it gives seemingly the keenest happiness existing on the face of the earth." And, finally, it is crystallization that draws the lover apart from the crowd, flatters his heart with dreams, teaches him the sweets of secrecy and the bliss of solitude.

Love, according to Stendhal, is of four kinds: (1) "L'Amour-passion," the profound, tragic, all-consuming devotion of the Portuguese nun, and of Héloïse and Abelard. (2) "L'Amour-gout" (here translated as "gallant-love," but for which the nearest English equivalent would seem to be flirtation), the pastime of courts and salons, the offspring of idleness, art, and wit, and the mortal enemy of passion. (3) Physical attraction, simple and instinctive. (4) Vanity-love, based on pride, pique, and that snobbishness which makes "a duchess never more than thirty for a bourgeois." Of love based on pique the classical instance is Benedict and Beatrice; and there is also that coarser flame, which warmed the heart of Katharine for Petruchio: "What Lord Mortimer thinks back upon, perhaps, with most regret for his lost mistress are the candlesticks she threw at his head."

Stendhal, who could never resist a dig at his own country and whose devotion to Italy made him a voluntary exile at Milan, accords to the Italians and Spaniards the most profound capacity for experiencing passion. In France, the home of vanity, where the women whose profession it is to flatter and please are the most charming in the world, "great passions are as rare as great men." Stendhal himself, however, was the most typical of Frenchmen. In the passions he experienced and described, violent, devastating, and often noble, there is always a touch of perversity, that ingrained earthliness which makes it impossible for a Frenchman ever to have written the "Paradiso," the "Phædrus," or "Epipsychidion." For this mythical and exalted type of love for which the French have little sympathy, Stendhal finds a home in Germany:—

"The feeling of love is considered by the Germans as a virtue, as an emanation of the Divinity, as something mystical. It is not quick, impetuous, jealous, tyrannical, as it is in the heart of an Italian woman; it is profound and something like illumination."

But though love may vary indefinitely with temperament or climate, the core of true passion is everywhere the same. To all men love is a battle fought with pain and peril, a plague, a scourge, a sickness full of woes. To all it is the spring of valor, the revelation of beauty, the beginning of wisdom, and the key of the gate of heaven. To all it holds out the same torturing hopes:—

"In love, I feel that two steps away from me exists a boundless happiness, something beyond all my prayers, which depends upon nothing but a word, nothing but a smile."

And from all, whilst immeasurably heightening the value of life, it destroys the fear of death:—

"Real love makes the thought of death frequent, easy,

unterrifying, a mere subject of comparison, the price we are willing to pay for many things."

On the passion to which he devoted so many pages, so many pains, and from the age of seventeen onwards, every day of his life, Stendhal's best commentary is, perhaps, his last. His epitaph, composed by himself, runs thus:—

Qui giace  
Arrigo Boyle Milanese.  
Visse, Scrisse, Amò.

The translation of "De l'Amour," by Messrs. Woolf, will be welcome to those who know no French and have little feeling for English. Stendhal suffers, perhaps, less than most French writers from a bald and awkward translation—but he does suffer. Words for which there are no equivalent in English require especially delicate handling; and over these the translators have shown little tact. "Même hors de l'amour, les femmes ont du penchant à se livrer à leur imagination et de l'exaltation habituelle" is given as: "Even outside love, women are inclined to abandon themselves to their imagination and habitual high spirits." We are grateful, however, for the conscientious appendix, as well as for the short biography and the instructive introductory remarks.

### "SPY."

"Forty Years of 'Spy.'" By LESLIE WARD. (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN the London world of the last forty years almost everyone of note has visited Mr. Ward's studio as a sitter or been stalked by him elsewhere. A "ghost" behind a screen in the studio would no doubt have recorded a great deal of interesting conversation; but Mr. Ward, of course, kept no "ghost." Neither did he keep a diary, and being usually engrossed in the study of his subject he has naturally forgotten, as he says, a good deal of entertaining gossip. Happily for the reader, he has remembered enough to fill a thoroughly amusing volume.

We like him best, however, when he is talking to us intimately about the art of caricature. Mr. Ward has painted many admirable portraits (excelling in those of pretty women), but it is his skill in satire that has rendered him delightful to his generation. Satire, it is somewhere said, implies some degree of malice, of dislike, or of contempt; but "Spy" in his most successful cartoons contrives to be shrewd, incisive, and extremely humorous, without being either malicious or contemptuous. Funny in the extreme (though less skilful, perhaps, than the mature accomplishments of later years) is his first drawing for "Vanity Fair," a picture of Sir Richard Owen at a garden party. Is this malicious? Well, it is, we fancy, just the figure that Dan Leno would have made of Owen—tall white hat, "variety" trousers, elastic side boots, crooked stick and all—had he presented him in a Drury Lane pantomime. Observe also this portrait of an elderly, mincing buck, a Marquis of Winchester, with a waist, a stock, and what was known aforetime as a "bustle." Nothing could be droller, yet it is void of offence. Farther on we have a youthful buck, a Lord Haldon of the early 'eighties. He, too, minces and smirks, and must have got into his evening trousers as a ballet-girl is supposed to get into her tights. His lordship is a figure of fun, but not exactly contemptible.

"Ape" (Carlo Pellegrini), for many years "Spy's" witty colleague, occasionally handled his subjects rudely enough. The writer remembers taking the late Rev. H. R. Haweis to Ape's chambers in Mortimer Street. Mr. Haweis, when leaving, forgot his gloves, and Pellegrini sent them on by post with a pleasant little note. This Mr. Haweis forgot, or omitted, to answer, and Ape took it out of him in a rather savage cartoon.

No; there is no malice in Mr. Leslie Ward; but he is careful never to overlook a hint of affectation in his subject, and makes the most of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's studious arrangement of his front hair. And what has Mr. Ward to tell us concerning the art of caricature? First, however, let us note the complete change that came over this art in our own country when a young and charming queen, Victoria, ascended the throne. Coarseness in caricature went quite

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out of fashion. For the three great caricaturists of the eighteenth century—Gilray, Rowlandson, and Bunbury—there would have been no place at all. That our satiric artists had no instinctive or cringing respect for royalty the Georges had known to their cost; but whose pencil would fall foul of a girl queen? The spirit of the new caricature was almost always happily reflected in "Punch," when Tenniel, Keane, Leach, Du Maurier, and Sambourne were at work there. King Edward, when, as Prince of Wales, he enjoyed a European celebrity, came in for a large share of attention. His own public bearing was always at once so dignified and so affable—he had neither pose, pomposity, nor mannerism—that our own artists usually treated him handsomely enough; but a foreign pencil not infrequently found mirth in him, and German caricaturists often went for him without remorse. About ten years ago M. Grand-Carteret brought together, in a volume entitled "L'Oncle de l'Europe," some three hundred comic drawings of his Majesty from the newspapers of all countries. Many of them were uncomplimentary, but the King, with complacent nonchalance, accepted a copy of the book. A companion volume, called "Lui!" dealt with the Kaiser, who is said to have capered in his fury.

But we are neglecting "Spy," and all it becomes us to do so. What, we asked, has he to say about the methods of his racy art? The caricaturist, he remarks, must have a good memory (it is entirely from memory that some of his own most effective cartoons have been done), an eye for detail, "a mind to appreciate and grasp the whole atmosphere and peculiarity of the 'subject,'" and a very definite sense of humor. "Subjects," to be sure, present an infinite variety. The very handsome one is difficult, and an artist of delicate feeling is uncomfortable in presence of the very ugly one. None the less, says Mr. Ward, "everyone is caricaturable—in time, and when one knows him." Acquaintance and the opportunity of study

"render even the beautiful man (or woman) a possible or even a very good subject. Here, however, the test of the caricaturist is revealed, for while there are many who can perceive and hit off the obvious superficial traits of those who present themselves as ready-made subjects, the genuine caricaturist combines a profound sense of character with such a gift of humor as will enable him to rise above the mere perception of idiosyncrasy or foible, and actually to translate into terms of comedy a psychological knowledge unsuspected by those who uncritically perceive and delight in the finished caricature."

One would like to peep into the mind of the artist at work, for instance, on a conceited, tedious subject, who is consciously or unconsciously trying to coax the kindest out of his pencil; and not less curious would it be to peep into the mind of the subject. There must always be a sub-conscious opposition between them. The artist must be saying to himself: "Shall I lay it on thick, or let him down soft?" and the subject must be saying to himself: "What, caricature me? But no, I think he'll know better than that." So far as the writer of this article is aware, it is by mere accident that Mr. Ward's volume has fallen to him, but he remembers going with the artist many years ago (after dinner at the Café Royal) to a music-hall where "Jake" Kilrain and "Jem" Smith, who had recently faced each other in the ring, were giving an exhibition spar. The two bruisers were to be caricatured, and presently, after their display on the stage, they came sweating into a stifling cupboard of a dressing-room. Smith was the typical "pug" from head to foot; the American Kilrain a coarsely handsome man. He had the notion that his "pictur" was to be taken "eleg'nt"; and his dismay was painful when—the face coming over the towel—it dawned on him that a caricature and not a beauty portrait was here his portion. Indeed it may be seldom that the caricaturist meets in his victim the right humor of the situation; but we certainly like the attitude of Count Beckendorff. "It is a simple task you have before you," said this gentleman, as he entered Mr. Ward's studio. "You have only to draw an egg—a nose—and an eyeglass, and it is done."

Space is lacking for stories, but there must be just one. A tax-collector called for the Queen's taxes on that rich comedian, Henry Kemble:—

"Quite an unusual tax," said Kemble; but after much discussion, he found he had to pay. "Very well,"

said Kemble, "I will pay this once, but, pray, inform Her Majesty from me that she must not look upon me as a permanent source of income."

The pictures in the book (they are many, but we should like as many more in another volume) are a gallery to be preserved.

## THE FRUITS OF MODERNISM.

"The Accolade." By ETHEL SIDGWICK. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s.)

QUITE one of the most interesting problems for the modern novelist of distinction is not so much the material as the method of coping with it. Admittedly, the novel form is of so elastic a mould that, unlike the lyric or the essay, it may be kneaded into almost any shape you please. It is one of the oldest of the characteristically English media of expression—Ovid, with his extraordinary influence upon the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, really only wrote rhymed novels—and, as early as Nash's "Jack Wilton, or the Unfortunate Traveller," the novel has established all its primary aesthetic canons. On the other hand, the pressure of modern conditions has so hindered its free and spontaneous growth, and so vastly simplified and mechanized its appeal, that literature is gradually ceasing to play the Good Samaritan for its recovery. For what is the possessor of literary taste and inspiration to do with it? He will despise the popular form, not because it is popular, but commercial; impressionism, with its large body and small head, has sucked the last drop of blood out of it, and the realist, who makes sure of his bird by the simple process of smothering it, tail and all, with a whole cargo of salt, well, he is not the most fastidious of craftsmen.

We have mentioned these difficulties because so gifted a novelist as Miss Sidgwick seems to have been caught in two minds in her latest work, and, instead of compromising or surrendering the one to the other, has seen fit to include both. Here is the tale, that we may make our meaning clearer. The Ingestre family is again Miss Sidgwick's motive—this time another branch of it. In the first section of the book we see young John Ingestre brought to heel and abandoning his dramatic career for the gentility of a country estate, not on account of his father's overbearing tyranny, but for the sake of his frail and devoted mother, Agatha—driven almost to the grave by the family dissensions. John engages himself to the correct, paltry-souled Ursula Thynne, as part of the pact of capitulation, and we see him making the best of a bad bargain (for him) and venting his natural ebullience by a kind of politely spectatorial superciliousness. After that, Miss Sidgwick leaps an interval of ten years, and introduces us to John and Ursula safely married and so taking very little pains to conceal their mutual incompatibility. Miss Sidgwick evolves the chrysalis of her narrative to this stage with a remarkable skill, reticence, and suggestiveness. Nothing could be more naturally and at the same time more intricately stage-managed than the slowly-unveiled antagonism of conflicting egoisms between John and his wife. John's is the more human and agreeable, because it is the resultant of a generous personality forced into an artificial groove; while Ursula's (an extremely able study) develops its ingrained pettiness, self-satisfaction, and habit of patronage and grievance out of precisely the opposite circumstances—the achievement of that social security which was her only aim. Miss Sidgwick has, indeed, kept the scales of Ursula's psychology poised between the piteous and the contemptible with a highly subtle ease and flexibility. At this crisis in their lives, John falls head and ears in love with the golden-haired Helena Falkland, a modest, simple, average girl of nineteen. The author deals at first with this situation with very considerable artistic dexterity. She does not, as moral novelists might very well have done, delay the revelation of their mutual passion with renunciatory theories and, by various shifts and evasions, arbitrarily create endless occasions for moralizing. No, John and Helena declare themselves, and thus keep the story well orientated for its destination. But at this point Miss Sidgwick begins to handle the reins less firmly. Or, rather, she shifts her grip and alters the whole perspective of her material. John practically sees no more of Helena at all after his declaration,



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and the book is cumbered with a not too-relevant underplot. Nor does the new turn of events make much appreciable difference between the marital relations of John and Ursula. They continue to temporize and waste their energies and deteriorate their characters in endless friction. Finally, John, in the fastnesses of his Yorkshire estate, begins to theorize about Helena. On the assumption that he is "forcing a wild-flower," he simply lets matters drift, and he and Ursula, for want of a better, patch up a kind of precarious neutrality, while Helena, we presume, marries Quentin Auberon, the permanent official at the India Office, who, so far, had been chiefly implicated in the sub-plot.

Now, our hypothesis is that Miss Sidgwick, not trusting herself sufficiently, and hesitating as to the permanent form of her novel, has attempted two different methods for the two parts of her narrative. In the first, she has undoubtedly chosen one of the few methods left and amenable to the modern novelist. She has, that is to say, chosen the objective, impersonal manner of *tragi-comedy*. The first part of her book is devoted to grouping and manœuvring a set of characters at an adjusted distance—looking at them impartially from the wrong end of the telescope in the traditional way of the comedy of manners. But once the passion of John and Helena becomes an acknowledged fact her attitude changes. The subjective and heroic element at once obtrudes. Ursula is deliberately exposed and John idealized. The stage-manager, in fact, comes on to the stage and takes sides. It is not only that Miss Sidgwick, by such means, impairs the coherent entity of her work, as that she sweeps away, at one stroke, the values that with such careful art she constructed during the first half of the book. We cannot visualize John both as a figure in a *tragi-comedy* and as a protagonist in a heroic drama. We cannot see him mixed and single without bewilderment. It may be argued that his love for Helena has a transfiguring effect upon his susceptible temperament. But the point is that it is his creator and not John who changes. And even if we forced ourselves to accept this explanation, Helena is altogether too slightly etched and inconspicuous a figure for the new strain put upon her. No, we cannot get away from the fact that Miss Sidgwick, by compromising with her delicate suggestion of detachment, has to some extent marred a book which promised to be a genuine work of art.

### The Week in the City.

ON the Stock Exchange the week has been notable mainly for an upward movement in the rubber share market, accompanied by a considerable volume of purchases by speculative and other investors, who are attracted by the rising price of the raw material. There was a time after the great increase in supply when no one expected to see rubber again at 4s. a pound. But there it is (nearly), and British capital invested in rubber companies stands again to reap handsome rewards if such prices as this are maintained for any long period. It is remarkable, so Stock Exchange men tell us, that there is so much liquid money still available for buying any unusually cheap stocks or bonds that happen to be about. The supply of such is never equal to the demand. It may be increased next week, however, when another removal of minimum prices is expected by way of celebrating the New Year. The Stock Exchange would like to be rid of the lot, but the Treasury is not expected to do more than release colonial and railway stocks. Personally, I think it very unfair to holders of British municipal stocks that these first-class securities should for

so long have been unsaleable. The fact will certainly not assist the credit of our local authorities when they want to borrow in the future. The Money Market, of course, hardened in face of the usual New Year's requirements, and discount rates have followed suit. There has been another sharp rise in the Russian exchanges, which leaves the value of the rouble here at about 1s. 5d., instead of 2s. It is more satisfactory to note the recent depreciation of the German and Austrian exchanges in Holland and Switzerland.

#### THE RISE IN RUBBERS.

A correspondent writes:—While most Stock Exchange securities have suffered serious declines in values during the past year the rubber share market has been remarkably steady, and in many cases quotations are a good deal higher than they were a year ago. The following table shows the advances which have taken place in a few of the principal shares:—

	Jan. 4.	Dec. 28.	Rise.
Anglo-Malay	8s. 0d.	10s. 6d.	2s. 6d.
Cheronese	1s. 10½d.	3s. 7½d.	1s. 9d.
Cons-Malay	6s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	3s. 9d.
Highlands and Lowlands	55s. 0d.	53s. 9d.	18s. 9d.
Johore Rub. Lands	5s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	14s. 3d.
Linggi	15s. 0d.	18s. 6d.	3s. 6d.
Malacca	4	4½	½
Merliman	2s. 7½d.	5s. 0d.	2s. 4½d.
Selangor	13-16	15-32	11-32
Singapore United	1s. 0d.	2s. 9d.	1s. 9d.
Un. Serdang	5s. 9d.	12s. 3d.	6s. 6d.
Vallambrosa	11s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	4s. 3d.

A steady stream of investment buying has continued now for some months, and the rise in prices seems fully justified by the advance in the price of raw rubber, which was quoted at the beginning of 1914 at about 2s. per lb. and now stands at 4s. per lb. Moreover, recent dividend announcements have been attractive, and it is evident from reports that costs of production have been kept within reasonable limits. Under normal conditions such a rapid advance in the price of the commodity would have been followed by a wild rush of speculation, but the restriction of dealings to a strictly cash basis has kept business on thoroughly sound lines. Since the holidays the market has been booming, but the number of dealings marked is reduced by the scarcity of shares available, for holders are unwilling to part with their stock while the market is in its present strong position.

#### KAFFIR DIVIDENDS.

Practically all the Kaffir dividends have now been announced, and on the whole it may be said that there are few very striking changes. The most remarkable is that of Meyer & Charlton. The first dividend was paid by this mine as long ago as 1888, and it is estimated that it has still a few more years to run. The final dividend is 90 per cent., including a bonus of 50 per cent., and makes a distribution for the year of 130 per cent. This compares with 70 per cent. for the previous year. At the present quotation the shares return over 21½ per cent. The Village Main Reef is paying nothing, as against 7s. a year ago. The Van Ryn dividend has dropped from 4s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per share. The Randfontein Estates and Randfontein Central are making no final distribution, which the directors explain by a large increase in working costs in consequence of the high prices of stores and heavy assessments for miners' phthisis and profits tax. Only two of the Barnato group, namely, Consolidated Langlaagte and Van Ryn Deep, increase their distributions. Modder Deep has declared a second dividend of 5s. per share, the mid-summer distribution being 2s. per share. Nothing was paid last December. Modders have been going steadily ahead, but business in the Mining Market generally has been at a low ebb during the last fortnight.

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